CALLIPÆDIA:

OR, THE ART of GETTING

Pretty Children.

In FOUR BOOKS.

Tranſlated from the Original *Latin* of *Claudius Quilletus.*

By ſeveral Hands.

Fœlix & Nato! Fœlix & Conjuge!--
Ovid.

LONDON:
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To the Lady *M. S.*

MADAM!

CALLIPÆDIA muſt be Yours, it is ſo exactly like You; Your Picture, Your Glaſs, Your Imagination, even the Addreſſes of a thouſand Lovers cannot repreſent You half ſo lively; Your Looks, Your Shape, Your very Soul, all Your Charms and Vertues are here artfully diſplay'd; and we are no longer in deſpair of finding that *Perfect Original Beauty*, which *Quilletus* ſuppoſes to have vaniſh'd with the *Gol-*

den Age, without giving Mankind any Hopes of Her Return.

Next to the Complacency which ariſes from a confirm'd Aſſurance of being exquiſitely handſome, You may find an agreeable Pleaſure in contemplating the Cauſes that made You ſo. Let Love and Innocence improve the noble Art, and gently ſooth You to apply it: Be grateful to Nature, and to a Race of Heroes. Happy He! whoſe Merit ſhall excuſe a generous Paſſion; whom the preſent Age ſhall envy its greateſt Ornament, and whom the next ſhall bleſs for another, like You. Without this, how vain is Beauty? how inſipid Love? 'Tis the laſt Attainment of all Creatures, to give Happyneſs. To be admir'd, to be gaz'd at, and addreſs'd to, adds no real worth to any thing; but *to be enjoy'd*, is Perfection. We look, we talk, we ſing, we write Verſes; this is Pain and Labour: If we pleaſe others, they enjoy us. You ſhine, You dreſs, You charm; is it in Imitation of the *Baſiliſk*,

ſiliſk and *Viper*, only to give Pain, and to deſtroy? *Quilletus* is happy, whilſt you read him; Mankind will be ſo too, when You uſe him. When ſhall I ſee him tranſlated by Your fair Hands with increaſe of Beauty, and bleſs the Effects of his Poetry? How ſenſeleſs, how empty a thing, is ſpeculative Love, whoſe only Product is a Novel or a Sonnet? Believe the ſweeteſt of our Sex, *Waller*,—

——*The Blood is nobler than the Ink.*

I know very well, Your Innocence awes every Tongue, as Your Beauty commands all Hearts. I am not able to bear the leaſt of thoſe Frowns which the Rigor of Your Vertue would juſtly inflict upon every Expreſſion, that was not as ſpotleſs and unſully'd as Your own Thoughts. 'Tis true, there is Fire in Poetry as well as in Love. Some degree of warmth is neceſſary to inſpire a Breaſt ſo cold and icy: But the *Engliſh Callipædia* kiſſes your fair Hands, without diſcolouring

louring them; it recommends the pureſt and nobleſt Paſſion, and directs the Nuptial Choice by the moſt refin'd Rules of Vertue and Honour. You may ſmile, without a Bluſh, at the Gambolls and Sports of his *Cupids*; his *Satyrs* are retir'd to the Woods; the *Latins*, who own'd them to be *Demigods*, may keep thoſe Monſters to themſelves. The Nymphs of our Plains abhor the *brutiſh* Part, and diſbelieve the *divine*. You need not ſtart, *Madam*, nor be ſhock'd with a luſtful Fable, or the guilty Deſcription of a Rape. Here indeed, Nature is repreſented kind and conſenting; but withal, ſimple and innocent: The Wiſhes of *Nuns* and *Veſtals*, thus expreſs'd, would be pure and harmleſs. I only fear, that the *Idea* of a fine Gentleman, as *Quilletus* has drawn it, is ſo ſhining and accompliſh'd, it will be difficult to find ſuch a Hero upon Earth: Though it muſt be granted, that a Creature leſs finiſh'd and compleat, were utterly unca-

pable

pable to reliſh, or to deſerve, that perfect Happineſs which 'tis in Your Power to give Him.

No Mortal, *Madam*, but *Quilletus*, durſt ſet Bounds to your Bliſs. Theſe Rules will direct the Exceſſes of Paſſion. They do not bridle and reſtrain Love, but refine its Pleaſures, and lead the way to proper Objects. The Breach of theſe Laws imbitters the nobleſt State of Life, Marriage. Hence an admir'd Miſtreſs dwindles to a neglected Wife, the happy Bride to a wretched Mother: How many——But I forbear the odious Remonſtrance. You are above theſe Misfortunes; The Man You favour muſt be happy, muſt know it, and muſt return the Obligation. You can revive a conjugal Tenderneſs, in ſpite of the Power of Mode. You can take away all Pretence from Inconſtancy, and to wander from You will only prove the ſame thing as *to be leſs happy*. Amidſt a vaſt Crowd of Lovers, almoſt equal in Number to

Your

The DEDICATION.

Your Charms, whilſt ſo many are bleſs'd only with Hope, how is it poſſible any one of the Train ſhould ever be cloy'd with Poſſeſſion?

'Tis endleſs, *Madam*, to talk of You, and almoſt as dangerous as to gaze on You; would You hear all that we could ſay, and could we ſay all that we think and wiſh; and could we think in Proportion to the Merits of the Subject, the Story of Love would be as immenſe as his Godhead.

I wiſh You, *Madam*, ſuch exceſs of Happyneſs, that You may at laſt be oblig'd to communicate it. This Moment's Addreſs, with which You have favour'd me, is an invaluable Bleſſing to,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt devoted humble Servant,

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Tranſlators *of* Callipædia *were taken at firſt Sight with the Beauties of the Original: The Subject of it is ſo Pleaſant, ſo Novel, and Uſeful, that no Law againſt Commerce with* France, *could prevail with them to defer the Importation of ſo profitable and delightful a Commodity.*

This incomparable Author wears an Engliſh *Dreſs, which perhaps was ſhuffl'd on a little too haſtily: A ſufficient Stock of native Beau-*

ty is apt to create an agreeable Confidence, that neglects the Powers of Art, and is careleſs of external Ornaments: The Conceptions of Nature and Fancy have been often compar'd together, and they could not have been ſeparated upon a more improper occaſion. For however the Tranſlators *have kept cloſe to the Author's Expreſſions; they have certainly violated one of his Fundamental Rules: The haſty Offspring was not ſuffer'd to go full* nine *Months, and therefore is in danger of proving Abortive.*

But 'tis probable the Reader *will be better pleas'd with an Account of the* Original, *than with any thing that can be ſaid in Favour of the* Tranſlation, *which is in ſhort as follows.*

Claudius Quilletus, *a* Frenchman, *flouriſht about the Year* 1640. *in the Beginning of the Reign of the Preſent* Lewis the XIV. *He wrote the three firſt Books of his* Callipædia *during the time of the Wars between* France *and* Spain, *and the Civil Troubles here in* England: *The whole was begun at* Rome, *and finiſht at* Paris; *but the* Fourth *Book did not appear in the World, till ſome time after the other* Three. *In this Work, The Author profeſſes to copy after the* Georgicks *of* Virgil, *and*

and tells us in a Dedicatory Epiſtle to the Great Cardinal Mazarine, *that however he might fall ſhort of that celebrated Poem, yet his Subject far exceeded* Virgil's. *The Propagation of Mankind being of much more concern to the World, than the Harveſt or Vintage, or the Care of Bees, Oxen, and Horſes: He values himſelf extreamly upon the Merit and Uſefulneſs of the Matter he had choſen, which ſome, he was afraid, would be apt to look upon as Light and Trivial: But* he *thought it not unworthy the Patronage of the* Firſt Miniſter *and* Director *of the* French *Nation; He goes farther yet, and ventures to compare the Precepts and Rules of his* Callipædia, *with the* Salick *Laws of that Kingdom; but, with his Favour, were he now alive, he would wiſh the* Salick *Law aboliſh'd, and his own eſtabliſh'd in its Room; though his* Monarch *true to the* Cardinal's *Principles, values this Law as little as he does the reſt, and whilſt he ſtoops to* one *Woman, his Nation may glory in being conquer'd by* another: *Should they ſubmit to her* Government, *as well as her* Arms, *all the World muſt allow, that the* People *had made a much better Choice than their* Monarch.

Cl. Quilletus *was apparently a Great Philoſopher, as well as a Poet: His own Works, and his Proficiency in thoſe of the beſt Maſters, as well as Acquaintance with the Authors, particularly with the celebrated* Gaſſendus, *will do him Juſtice in this Point; If his Stile and Deſign be compar'd with the Nobleſt Products of* Auguſtus's *Age, the beſt Judges will, I believe, find no great Interval between them; the Modern and Middle-aged* Latins, *muſt readily yield him the Precedence: However, he ſeems to have* Ovid's *Fault of* Redundance, *and is very unwilling to leave a Pretty Subject that pleaſes him, till he has loaded it with Ornaments, and made it* gawdy *and* glaring.

Callipædia *was printed in* Holland *ſome Years ago, under the fictitious Name of* Calvidius Lætus: *That* Edition, *beſides its being ſpurious, was ſo miſerably maim'd in ſome Places, and in others ſo clogg'd with wretched and Trifling Additions, that the Author was oblig'd to do himſelf Juſtice by another* Edition *at* Paris, *which he reviſ'd and corrected, and 'tis to a Counterfeit we owe all the new Beauties of the Genuine undoubted Offspring of* Quilletus.

The PREFACE.

The Author has copied the Number *of the* Georgicks *as well as their Beauties; and has been equally exact in observing true Order and* Decorum, *and giving every* Book *a proper and proportionable Subject. The* First, *treats of the Nature and Variety of Beauty, and of the Choice of a Wife. The* Second, *of Marriage and Enjoyment, with Laws and Rules relating to both, from Nature and Astrology. The* Third, *of Conception, and Imagination. The* Fourth *and* Last, *of the Beauty of the Mind, of Education and Virtue, and of the Variety of Climes, Customs, and Manners. There are many* Stories *and fabulous* Episodes, *very artfully interwoven with the Work: Some of which are so obscure, that 'twas thought proper to suppress here and there a hard Name, which is quite out of the Acquaintance of the better Part of* English *Readers.*

In this Translation, *care has been taken to make the whole as intirely* English *as possible: That famous* Episode *in the* First *Book, to the* French *King, directing his Choice of a Queen, would be very improper at this Time, and the Original is not sunk and lessen'd by the Version, where the same fine Things are apply'd to* one *of his Conquerors.*

Nor

Nor is France, *for the Author's ſake, leſs complemented in another Place, where the Thirſt of abſolute Power, which* Quilletus *in many Inſtances lays to the* Spaniard's *Charge, is ſo juſtly retorted upon* Lewis the Fourteenth.

In his Fourth Book, *where the various Cuſtoms of the ſeveral Parts of* Europe *are deſcrib'd, the Lines that concern* Great-Britain, *are wholly alter'd; even in Oppoſition to the Original; for our Nation being at that time, when* Quilletus *wrote, overrun with the Confuſion and Diſorders of a* Civil War, *'twas thought improper to make that unſettled State the Meaſure and Standard of a Publick and National Character. Here 'twas high time to leave the* Enemy *and the* Frenchman: *It being a plain Breach of good Nature and good Breeding, as well as of the Rules of Art, to draw a Beauty with the Small Pox, or in a High Fever, and to ſhew* that, *as her Picture and Likeneſs, to all her Admirers.*

There is another thing, in which the Tranſlation *glories and is proud of being unlike the Original, and that is,* Modeſty: *The Uſefulneſs of the Subject will never excuſe the Want of this: However, I ſhould wrong* Quilletus, *though very faulty, did I compare his*

Softneſſes

Softneſſes with that abominable Stuff, which under the Pretence of Art and Diſcovery has blotted ſo much Paper with fulſome Proſe; the very Dreggs and Sediment of Nature, that has debaucht *the Preſent Age, in Order to* cure *the ſucceeding; the Demonſtrations of ſuch Artiſts are truly* Phyſick, *and* Quilletus *compar'd with theſe, is really* Poetry. *His* Firſt *and* Fourth *Books, are altogether inoffenſive; the* Second *and* Third, *have here and there a very looſe Tranſition: But the* Engliſh Callipædia *has veil'd all theſe Images, thrown 'em into Shades, and conceal'd their apparent Deformities with Allegory and Metaphor: And if the Original has loſt any thing of its natural Spirit and Life, good Manners will atone for* that; *the niceſt Eye may now indulge the fair Proſpect, and whilſt theſe Fig-Leaves are diſpos'd in their proper Places,* Callipædia *may appear, without a Bluſh, before the moſt rigorous Pretender to the State of Innocence.*

In the Laſt *Book, the Complements to the* French King, Queen of Sweden *and* Cardinal Mazarine, *with Part of the Character of that Nation, are wholly alter'd from the* Latin, *in a Way, perhaps not diſpleaſing to the Reader.*

The

The PREFACE.

The World has, for ſome time, been flatter'd with a Tranſlation *of* Callipædia *by a very* Eminent Hand: *The following Verſion is by no means deſign'd to prevent a Better, but to Haſten and Provoke it: 'Tis very difficult for* Quilletus *to apear in any Shape, without ſhewing ſome Beauties, and being proportionably valu'd and admir'd; Fine Authors are not, like Fine Ladies, to be married and ingroſs'd; Propagation was the Original Deſign of the* Callipædia, *and as the Poem was at firſt compil'd for the Uſe of Mankind, and to improve the Age in the Product of a lovely Poſterity: So, if this* Tranſlation *can be ſo Happy as to uſher into the World many a fair Offspring of the ſame Kind, the ends of the Original are better anſwer'd, for the Deſign of Poetry, as well as of Philoſophy, is* Application.

CALLI-

CALLIPÆDIA:

Or, the ART of GETTING PRETTY CHILDREN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BOOK I.

WHAT makes a happy Bridal, from what Seed
The sweeteſt Youths, and faireſt Forms are bred,
What Stars direct the Birth, with pointed Rays,
Carving the lovely'ſt Limbs, What ſprightly Grace
The Soul exerts, and mingles with the Maſs;
What inward Beauties furniſh the rude Plan,
Match Soul and Body, and compleat the Man;
Here I attempt to ſing. Ye Pow'rs above,
Thrice lovely Graces, and thou Queen of Love,
And Patent of all Beauty, to whoſe Eyes
The Swain, on *Ida*'s top, adjudg'd the Prize,
Breathe on my Lays, thro' ev'ry Strain diffuſe
Idalian Sweets, let no uncomely Muſe

Disgrace the Theme, so be the Verse design'd,
As may at once instruct and please Mankind,
Let crowding Beauties 'midst my Numbers shine,
And, like the Subject, make the Verse divine.
In future times perhaps, the gladsome Spouse
Shall to his Charmer all the Truths disclose
Which now I teach: when wrapt in Bridal Joys,
He longs for pretty Girls, or lovely Boys:
Perhaps by me improv'd, a nobler Breed
Of handsome Mortals shall on Earth succeed,
No ghastly Forms shall *Hymen*'s shrine infest,
But *Venus* Joys with *Venus* Charms be blest.
You, who admire the Bliss, first learn the Art,
And listen to the Rules these Strains impart;
Attend the Song, and if approv'd, reward
With Myrtle Wreaths the well-deserving Bard.

First, let the Muse with careful Footsteps trace
The Lines and Features of a finish'd Face,
What makes true Beauty, and what Beauties please,
What Hair, with choicest Colours, shades the Brow,
And in what Curls the finest Tresses flow:
What Bloom adorns the Cheeks with brightest Fires,
And to what heights the noblest Front aspires:
What Shape the Lover's arms with Raptures fills,
And from what Lips the sweetest Balm distils,
Is pleasing to enquire: The Question's nice,
For different Lovers look with different Eyes,
And vary in their Judgment: One admires
The polish'd Brown, the Fair another fires:
Daphnis in Nets of golden Tresses lies
A Captive bound, but *Thyrsis* can despise
The valu'd Oar, whilst for the Black he dyes.
This Youth believes the spangl'd Grey most sweet,
And that is slain by Eyes of burnish'd Jett;
Thus too the Shape as various as the Face,
Differs in all, yet differs still to please.
Only the plump ripe Girl this Lover warms,
He hates the Slender which another charms.
So many various Schisms by turns divide
Great *Cupid*'s Worship, where the only Guide
Is Fancy, by variety misled:
This, whilst we judge of Forms, directs our Eyes,
And punishes the Sex with their own Fav'rite Vice.

The

The rougher Beauties of the generous Male,
Admit the like Diſputes, we pleaſe not all
With the ſame Looks, but Fancy, Mode, and Time;
Vary our Notions with the Age and Clime:
The deepeſt Black delights the Sunny *Moor*,
White, as a Helliſh Colour, they abhor:
The Noſe that riſes with an Arch is beſt
Admir'd by all the Nations of the *Eaſt*,
For ſuch, they ſay, the mighty Monarch grac't,
Who *Craſus* Pow'r and Wealth in Battle won,
And added *Lydia*'s Empire to his own.
The *Franks* love Lilly Looks, and court the Fair,
With open Foreheads, and looſe flowing Hair:
The *Spaniard* glories in his ſwarthy Stains,
And likes the Beauties which *Apollo* paints,
Little his outward Form, but great his Mind,
The ſtrugling Soul in narrow Bounds confin'd,
Affecting Heav'n, ſurmounts its grov'ling Kind,
Ev'n where hot *Phœbus* broils the burning Ground,
Lengthens the Day, and runs the largeſt Round,
The Savages who breathe the ſultry Air,
Pleas'd with their Jett, deſpiſe the White and Fair;
And would with *German* Strength, and *Britiſh* Charms compare.
Whence all this Diſcord in ſo plain a Caſe?
From the firſt Riſe of things the Muſe ſhall trace,
Tho', with the mighty Secret, ſhe diſcloſe
The Origin and Source of all our Woes.

When the new World from the great Artiſt's Hand
Its Beauties took, in lovely Orders fram'd,
E're yet the golden Age with impious Crimes,
Fell to a baſe Alloy, and Iron Times:
The ſhelving Heav'n in curious Arches ſpread,
Its Lamps with pure untainted *Æther* fed,
No drizly Fogs did from the Ocean riſe,
To damp the great Serene, and cloud the Skies:
Thro' the clear ſpotleſs Air the radiant Sun,
Chief of the Heav'nly Lights, in triumph ſhone;
The Moon through poliſh'd Jett diffus'd her Rayes,
Nor Clouds, nor Vapours, clogg'd the gloomy ſpace.
The Earth, a charming Scene, free and untill'd,
Did Herbs, and Gems, and living Creatures yield,
No poyſ'nous Scents, no Filth the Ground defil'd:

A *Genius* lovely bright, the World's great Soul,
Ran through the Globe, and beautify'd the whole:
Then, as the firſt and pureſt Age began,
The faireſt Creature of the Earth, was Man;
A lovely Body, and an upright Mind,
That to no Spot, this to no Vice inclin'd.
The Worſhip of the Gods, divinely pure,
No Factions knew, from Luſt and War ſecure:
Mankind enjoy'd a laſting State of Love,
Nor ſought for Riches, nor for Empire ſtrove;
As Vertue reign'd, ſo Beauty ſhar'd the Throne,
Whilſt Innocence, and ſpotleſs Goodneſs ſhone
In ev'ry Virgin Soul, a lovely Grace
Form'd from the happy Mixture of the Maſs,
Play'd on the Lips, and ſparkl'd in the Face;
This finiſh'd the fair Work, and hap'ly join'd
A glorious Form to an unſpotted Mind.

When from the Azure Summit awful *Jove*
Beheld this Under-heav'n, and World of Love;
Let us compleat the great Deſign, he ſaid,
In one true Beauty, and a matchleſs Maid:
Let all the Glories of two Worlds unite,
To make her more than all divinely bright.
The Crowding Forms, ſoon as the Thund'rer ſpoke,
And Elements their Stations all forſook,
To grace the Work. The Cryſtal Orb was broke,
And faſhion'd into Limbs, around her Head
His brighteſt Rays officious *Phœbus* ſpread:
Aurora lent her Bluſhes, and the Moon
Upon her Cheeks in white unſully'd ſhone:
Venus her Lips with fragrant Odours dy'd,
And *Cupid*, with the Graces by his Side,
Aſſiſting, all her other Charms ſupply'd.
The Face thus finiſh'd, and the Form compleat,
Almighty *Jove* infus'd a vital Heat,
And rais'd to active Life the wond'rous Frame,
Expreſſing all its Beauty in its Name,
Pandora call'd: And as the new-born Maid
Aroſe, the great Creator ſmil'd, and ſaid,

Go, moſt ador'd of all my Offspring, go,
And with thy Preſence cheer the World below:

Let happy Mortals on thy Beauties gaze,
And in each Feature read thy Heav'nly Race;
Do thou, and Vertue, both together ſhine,
And with united Charms the Age refine,
But as thou would'ſt with laſting Joys revive
The World, take heed, this fatal Box I give,
Ten thouſand Plagues and Poyſons it contains.
Which when thou open'ſt with thy heedleſs Hands,
The treaſur'd Seeds ſhall ſpread and blaſt the Air,
And thou ſhalt in the great Contagion ſhare.

He ſpake, his dread Commands the Nymph obeys,
And ſwift as Thought ſhe wings the middle Space,
Thence to the World below her Paſſage ſteers,
There, in full Glory, to Mankind appears:
Great *Epimetheus* ſaw, but not alone,
As *Heſiod* dreamt, the Maid in common ſhone,
And with her Charms the wrapt Spectators won:
Her Front divine, her Mien a Goddeſs ſhow'd,
Her glitt'ring Dreſs amaz'd the wond'ring Crowd;
One gazes on the Lillies of her Face,
Another on her Locks, immixt with Rayes,
From ev'ry Charm ſhe ſheds the fragrant Dewes,
And by a wond'rous Art, that ſtops the Muſe
From ſpeaking, did not *Phœbus* bid her tell,
Who ſaw himſelf, and own'd the Miracle;
Her Eyes diffus'd their ſacred Luſtre round,
And with infecting Charms th'Admirers crown'd:
A bright Reflection in each Face appear'd,
And all who ſaw her in her Beauties ſhar'd.
So when *Aurora* riſes from the *Eaſt*,
Her chearful Bloom in radiant Sheets diſperſt,
With a bright Tincture all the Meadows gilds,
And ſpreads new Glories o'er the Flow'ry Fields.

Thus whilſt Mankind their Innocence preſerv'd,
Nor from great Nature's Laws and Precepts ſwerv'd,
Grac'd with high Beauty, the two Sexes ſtrove,
Both by Reflections fir'd, with equal Love,
But when the bliſsful Scene untimely chang'd,
And o'er the Globe fell Vice and Rapine rang'd,
The dire Infection ſpread it ſelf afar,
Debauch'd the Virtuous, and defil'd the Fair.

Pandora,

Pandora, lovely Product of the Skies,
Sunk in the Deluge of the common Vice;
Stung with mad Luft, neglecting *Jove*'s Commands,
She raſhly ventures, and with impious Hands
Opens the fatal Box, and round her ſheds
Thick peſtilential Fumes, and poyſ'nous Seeds:
Firſt on her ſelf the curſt Contagion pour'd,
Prey'd on her Bloom, and all her Charms devour'd;
Thick Clouds o'erſpread the Luſtre of her Eyes,
And on her Cheeks the fading Lilly dyes.
Hence through the Earth the fertil Venom ran,
And ſeiz'd on all the gen'rous Pow'rs of Man:
His Mind polluted, and his Form defil'd,
And both with Darkneſs and Diſeaſes fill'd;
Bright Reaſon loſt its firſt and pureſt Fires,
And to thick Clouds and riſing Gloom retires:
Hence 'tis become ſo difficult, to find
True Beauty, and to fix by Rules aſſign'd,
Its Nature and its Marks: We wander far
In Miſts and Night, and a dark gloomy Air;
Whilſt each in diff'rent Paths uncertain ſtray,
Where ſhall we look? Who ſhall the Darkneſs chace,
And amidſt Doubts determine? kindly ſhine,
Thou firſt and nobleſt of all Lights divine:
Diſpel the Gloom, O fair auſpicious Pow'r!
Create new Day, and the bleſt Age reſtore.

But though the fatal Venom ſpread afar,
Yet not the ſame, in diff'rent Soil and Air
It vary'd its Infection, the Extremes
Of Cold and Heat, the Clime, where *Phœbus* Beams
Parch the dry Sands, and that with Winter chill'd,
The moſt deform'd and frightful Offspring yield,
That Region which the Icy Sea ſurrounds,
In monſtrous grizly Forms and Looks abounds;
The ſultry *Zone* teems with a gloomy Race
Of *Negro*'s blacken'd with impending Rays,
Whoſe ſcorching Land a thouſand Monſters ſhows,
With ſwelling Lips, a flat diſtended Noſe,
And friz'd Locks between the ſwarthy Brows.
Near fair *Arabia*'s Soil, a bliſsful Seat,
(For ſo the learn'd Inhabitants relate)
The Cold and Heat their blended Pow'rs unite;
And form a Clime for Plenty and Delight;

The

The whirling *Poles* at equal distance lye,
And *Libra* mounts the Summit of the Skye:
Hence equal Stages part the Night and Day,
And *Sol* and *Luna* share impartial Sway:
Hence in full Stores the fertile Region flows,
And every Year a double Harvest knows,
Two Springs and Winters make the constant round,
These kind and gentle, those with Plenty crown'd;
So temperate a Soil, so calm an Air,
Must yield a Race divinely bright and fair:
But the victorious Sun with darted Rays
Too oft prevails, and tanns the sultry Face.

Between the *Poles* and Torrid *Zone* there lyes
A Region, full of Beauty and of Bliss,
Happy the Soil, the Men divinely fair,
With these the Neighb'ring Climes in vain compare.
Beauties like these all other Forms disdain,
The Heat of *Italy*, and Swarth of *Spain*.
High in the Front of *Europe* tow'ring stands
An Isle, bespread with fair *Elyzian* Plains,
Where *Venus* smiles, and fruitful *Ceres* reigns,
There proud *Augusta* far aspiring rears
Her glitt'ring Piles, and rises to the Stars.
Along the crowded Banks, where Silver *Thames*,
Rowls o'er a Bed of Gold her Crystal Streams,
And branching in a thousand liquid Veins,
Diffuses Plenty o'er the smiling Plains,
This is the Seat of Love, here Beauty reigns.
This Clime the first and noblest Age renews,
Where ev'ry Nymph a bright *Pandora* shews;
A perfect Stature graceful to the Eye,
That neither sinks too low, nor mounts too high;
Adorns the beauteous Train, whose curious Mien
Lyes 'twixt the comely gross, and sickly thin:
In the fair Front a gen'rous Pride appears,
With Sweetness mix'd, beneath two glitt'ring Stars
In Circles shine, the Surface smooth and clear,
Does a bright Case of liquid Crystal wear:
The Rose, that on their Lips all lovely shines,
Transplanted to their Cheeks, the Lilly joins.
Who can describe their Neck, and burnish'd Hair?
Gold's not so bright, nor Ivory so fair:

Or who their Breasts, where endless Odours breath?
Or all the hidden Charms conceal'd beneath?
Which the chast Muse, and blushing Nature skreen
From human Sight, not without Danger seen.

And as our Nymphs all Eyes and Hearts command,
Best Product of the Heav'nly Artist's Hand;
So must the World our Train of Youths aprove,
Fit to inspire such Nymphs with equal Love.
See, on each Face the blooming Vigour shines,
Sweetness with Force, and Strength with Beauty joins:
Bright Purple Streams along the Cheeks prevail,
Not stain'd with swarthy Heat, nor sickly Pale;
Their twining Hair in graceful Tresses flows,
And shades their sprightly Limbs, and manly Brows:
Nor is the Shape unworthy such a Face,
Their hardy Joints are clos'd with Nerves of Brass,
And Rowls of Brawn cement the vig'rous Mass;
Such Beauties grace the Climate which we boast,
Not curst with too much Heat, or too much Frost;
But plac'd between the *North* and burning *Line*,
The Air's celestial, and the Men divine.

You then, whose Mind the Art of Love persues,
Attend the Laws and Statutes of the Muse;
Not every Pair who fed by fond Delights
Of *Hymen's* Joys, are fit to grace his Rites:
Let the Deform'd and Impotent refrain
The Bliss, nor with rude Hands his Altars stain;
When *Phlegeton* and *Nox* in Marriage ty'd
Their hated Forms, she as uncouth a Bride
As he a horrid Bridegroom, the Fell Band
Of *Furies* from the fatal Juncture spawn'd:
What Indignation must the Wonder move,
To see a *Cyclops* marry, or make Love,
Or Pow'rs below attempt the Joys above?
Does *Proserpine* look well in *Pluto's* Arms?
Or ugly *Vulcan* merit *Venus* Charms?
Let such to their dark lonely Cells retire,
There drudge away their Lives in Smoak and Fire,
There sweat and strive, nor softer Labours know,
Whilst fairer Limbs the Toils of Love persue;
But they whom Vigour, Health, and Youth inspire
With Love, and kindle up the genial Fire,

May

May taſt the Bliſs, and ſnatch the ſoft Delights
Which *Hymen* yields, from whoſe Celeſtial Rites
Far off th'Invalid and the Weak remove,
Fit for the Bed of Sickneſs, not of Love,
Let thoſe who feel the Gout's tormenting Pain,
And racking throes the Bridal Joy abſtain,
The Mad, the Lunatick, and thoſe that breath
Conſumptive Air, and wear the Marks of Death,
Or thoſe, whom eager Fires and latent Sores
Corrode, and prey upon their vital Pow'rs.

Through ſtange Meanders and a wandring Maze,
The ſprightly Seed, that forms all human Race,
Spreads the warm Flood, whoſe mingl'd Streams contain
What e'er Infections in the Body reign,
Conveying all the noxious Humours down,
From the weak Father, to the ſickly Son;
Oft have I ſeen a poor diſtemper'd Heir,
Condemn'd his Parents Sins and Sores to wear,
Load with thick Curſes the degenerate Name,
And on the undeſerving God's exclaim;
Let then the well-match'd Pair be fitly join'd,
A healthful Body and an equal Mind,
No happy Progeny ſhall crown the Bed
Curſt with Decay, or with Diſeaſes ſpread;
The Hind that hopes a Crop from *Ceres* Hand,
To chear his Houſhold, and to crown his Land,
Chuſes the faireſt and the brighteſt Seeds,
And theſe along the fruitful Furrows ſpreads,
With the ſame Care the Harveſt of Mankind,
Would yield a Race more noble and refin'd,
Sure, well thou knoweſt, that Man was form'd to bear
The God like Image of the Thunderer,
To ſearch the Stars, and Heav'nly Secrets know,
And reign ſole Monarch in the World below.
Ye Pow'rs, that Guard the genial Bed, and bleſs
The teeming Earth with Beauty and Increaſe,
Drive from your Rites and from your Altars far,
The impotent, the Weak, unhealthy Pair,
Left in their Pains their wretched Offspring ſhare,
And by Deſcent made ſickly and unſound,
Their Parents Ghoſts with impious Curſes wound,
And thou, dread Sire of Gods and Men, ſupport
The ſinking World, and from thy awful Court

Send a new *Genius* o'er the Globe, to raiſe
The groveling Kind, and Nature's laſt Decays:
Then, future Ages ſhall the Art improve,
And a fair Offspring crown the Joys of Love.

Nor is't enough, that they whom Love ordains
To crown the Marriage Bed, be free from Pains,
Healthy and Sound: Let no young ſprightly Maid
Wed with Old-Age, no Youth the Dame decay'd:
From ſuch unhallow'd Rites great *Hymen* flies,
Extinct in Smoak the bridal Taper lies,
Juno diſdains the Feaſt, and in her Room
The *Furies* with their ſulph'rous Torches come;
See fair *Aurora* from *Tithonus* Bed
Riſing diſſatisfy'd, with conſcious red
She bluſhes unenjoy'd, and drown'd in Dew,
Does with the Morn her Tears and Grief renew;
Cybel more wiſe, whom *Atys* Beauty fires,
Perſues the Youth with fond, but chaſt, Deſires,
Leſt her old wither'd Arms the Lover cloy
Drink all his ſprightly Blood, and pall the Joy;
In aged Limbs like theſe a Drought devours
The Genial Heat, and clogs the active Pow'rs.
So the parch'd Sands on *Lybia*'s ſultry Plain
Take, in ſoft Rills, the gentle falling Rain,
And gape, and thirſt, and drink, but drink in vain;
From ill-match'd Bodies an unfruitful Droſs
Deſcends, and all the barren Bliſs o'reflows:
Or if kind chance beſtow an ill-tim'd Heir,
He lingers out a Life of Pain and Care,
Sickly and weak, curſt in the Parent's Name,
His Countries Burthen, and his Sexes Shame.

How baſe is he, a Foe to Venus Pow'r,
Who Riches courts, and doats upon a Dow'r;
On him theſe Rules are loſt, whoſe luſtful Eyes
Seek, for a loving Bride, a golden Prize:
The Churl that Boaſts his Baggs and ſpacious Lands,
When bent on Marriage, every Heart commands,
The Parents ſue, the Virgin trembling ſtands
And weds a ſordid Lump of lifeleſs Clay,
Curſt with Old-Age, and impotent Decay,
Condemn'd perhaps to Sickneſs, Sores and Pains,
Or to Ill-Nature and eternal Chains.

She hates, but muſt conſent: The nobler Part
Is loſt, ſhe gives her Hand, and keeps her Heart.
At Rites like theſe, no kindly Pow'r appears,
But Diſcontent, and Grief, and flowing Tears
Wait round the nuptial Bed, the tedious Nights
Paſs in imperfect Joys, and vain Delights:
In Beauty ſhe, as he in Strength decays,
Deſpairing to renew a wretched Race:
The ſighing Bride her fading Charms bemoans,
And all the Dotards pall'd Endearments ſhuns:
But if Revenge and Love by turns inſpire,
And prompt an injur'd Wife to looſe Deſire,
(For Vows and nuptial Ties can never long,
Unite the fair and foul, the old and young)
Then the Town Sparks and gay Gallants repair,
To give her nobler Joys, and him an Heir,
Hence a mixt Offspring, and a motly Race,
With each a diff'rent Sire, and diff'rent Face,
Whoſe every Look the Mother's Guilt betrays:
This Child a Martial Air and Boldneſs ſhews,
And has the *Captain*'s Forehead, and his Noſe:
Another's like the Merchant and the Citt:
The Footman this reſembles, that the Knight:
Thus the dull Dotard's Wealth and numerous Stores,
Laid up by wiſe and careful Anceſtors,
Muſt now be heap'd upon another's Son,
And all deſcend to Children not his own.

Theſe Ills, which private Families bewail,
Oft reach to Kings, and o'er the Throne prevail;
From a diſtemper'd Monarch's lazy Loves,
And fickly Arms, the wanton Queen removes,
And with impatient Hopes of Iſſue led,
Mounts a leſs noble and more vigorous Bed:
Hence doubtful Princes riſe, pernicious Brood,
In vain the Laws legitimate their Blood,
No Vertues in the Baſtard Monarch ſhine,
Nor is his Perſon, or his Right Divine:
Beneath his Yoke the luckleſs Nation mourns,
Who, ſince not born a King, a Tyrant turns.

The ſtale decaying Dame, whoſe aged Brows
Time in a thouſand furrow'd Wrinckles plows,

Whoſe ſwimming Eyes diſtil eternal Brine,
Whoſe *Indian* Teeth the burniſh'd Jett outſhine,
Rich in the Spoils of ſome departed Spouſe,
Draws a whole Train of Lovers to her Houſe:
And when Catarrhs the amorous Heat excite,
And Love and *Hymen* both their Pow'rs unite,
The Youths all ſigh, and flatter, and adore,
Smit with the Charms and Beauties of her Dow'r:
A ſprightly Spark, more happy than the reſt,
With ſtrong *Ideas* of her Wealth poſſeſt,
Finds the ſhort Paſſage to her aged Breaſt:
Him to her Arms and Fortune ſhe receives,
And round her mouldring Trunk the Lover cleaves;
But when poſſeſt of all, the Paſſion o'er,
The Wealth and Woman both within his Pow'r,
With Age, and Love, and Matrimony cloy'd,
The Dow'r too little, Wife to much enjoy'd,
He rambles through the Sex, the young and fair
Uſurp her Pleaſures, and her Husband ſhare.
To theſe with laviſh Hands the Rover grants,
The Wealth ſhe gave him, and the Joys ſhe wants;
On the cold Bed lies the forſaken Dame,
Diſſolv'd in Tears: The once ſoft am'rous Flame
Turns to a jealous Rage, whoſe Tranſports rouſe
An injur'd Bride to puniſh ſlighted Vows,
And wreak juſt Vengeance on a hateful Spouſe;
The Fury that ſo haunts and gnaws her Soul,
Soon guides her Hand to the envenom'd Bowl,
That quickly rids her of the fell Diſeaſe,
And kills the Heart ſhe can no more poſſeſs.

Would great Religion leave to Nature's Choice,
To cull in common her unbounded Joys:
Then, each by Inſtinct to its equal led,
No more would curſe the wretched Marriage Bed,
Mixt with the young and old, the living and the dead;
But Heav'n forbids, and Rites and ſacred Tyes
Ordains to curb the ſpreading Growth of Vice:
Happy the Pair; who not by cuſtom join'd,
But nobler Inſtinct, marry in the Mind:
Who truly one, divide in equal Shares,
Their nightly Pleaſures, and their dayly Cares.

The

The raw unripen'd Girl and beardleſs Boy,
Reſtrain a while from Venus active Joy:
Let theſe to ſettl'd Strength and Force attain,
A Child's unfit to propagate a Man:
In ſuch, the genial Juice at random flows,
Nor Banks, nor Bounds, nor conſtant Current knows,
But roams the Limbs, to aid the growing Maſs,
And mount it to the Standard of its Race.

The Maid much ſooner to perfection grown,
Pleas'd with the Names, of Mother and of Son,
May venture on the Task, when ſprightly Pow'r
Glides through her Veins, and forms a vig'rous Store
To feed the growing Birth: Obſerve the ſigns
When firſt the Nymph to am'rous Heat inclines:
A florid Bloom with Bluſhes decks the Face,
And the ſoft Wiſhes of her Heart betrays,
In gentle Tides her ſwelling Bubbies move,
And every Vital breathes the ſweets of Love.

The vig'rous Youth to ripen'd Manhood grown,
His Cheeks juſt cover'd with the riſing Down,
When in full Tides his ſtreaming vigour flows,
May to the Joys of Love indulge a Looſe.

Theſe Rules and Laws, which Reaſon muſt pronounce
Moſt juſt and true, and which Experience crowns,
Would teach the World in *Venus* Art refin'd,
To propagate a noble generous Kind:
Theſe ſhall the married Pair their Duty ſhew,
When with their Race, the Pleaſures they renew.

Thus whilſt the Arts of Love in gentle Strains
I trace, and in the Pleaſure loſe the Pains:
To thee the Muſe a grateful Off'ring brings,
The nobleſt Maxims of the Art ſhe ſings,
Great Man! whoſe matchleſs Pow'r and manly Grace,
Plainly confeſs a more than human Race,
Immortal *Eugene*! by the Gods ordain'd,
To prop the Empire with thy mighty Hand,
To curb tyrannick Pow'r and lawleſs Rage,
And bleſs with laſting Peace the ſmiling Age:

In thee a thouſand manly Beauties ſhine,
Worthy the noble Soul that dwells within:
In thee the Godlike Fire and Strength of *Mars*,
Incites to love, and urges to the Wars;
For thee a thouſand Princely Beauties ſigh,
And aiming at thy Heart, their Glances try;
The Nymphs that on the Banks of *Tagus* ſport,
Or thoſe that reign in *Ceſar's* awful Court,
Or thoſe that near the Streams of *Tiber* ſhine,
The fruitful *Danube*, or the forked *Rhine*,
Laviſh on thee their Wiſhes, Hopes, and Sighs,
And for thy Love all other Hearts deſpiſe:
France at thy Feet a double Trophy laid,
The vanquiſh'd Hero, and the captive Maid;
But thou, O *Europe's* other Hope! beware,
And from ten thouſand chuſe the happy Fair,
Let thy own eyes dwell on the lovely Face,
Her Smiles, her Beauties, and her Vertues trace:
Whilſt other Princes other Rules perſue,
Marry by Proxy, and at Diſtance woe,
When Envoys fetch from far a foreign Queen,
Unknown her Vertues, and her Charms unſeen,
Do thou in Perſon court the liſtning Maid,
For who like thee can conquer and perſuade,
Young let her be, and fair, and fit to grace
Thee with her Charms, and *Europe* with thy Race;
When Youth and Beauty in a Palace ſhine,
The People bow, and own the Form divine,
Pleas'd on the lovely Majeſty they gaze,
A Look gives Laws, and the glad Crowd obeys;
Should ſome great Princeſs, born of Royal Blood,
Full of her Anceſtors, as *Juno* proud,
Boaſting high Birth inſtead of Beauties Charms,
Attempt thy Heart, and wiſh to fill thine Arms:
Shun the falſe Bait, from her Embraces fly,
Nor wed a vain inſipid Pedigree:
No Love, no Offspring ſhall ſuch Bridals bleſs,
And all the boaſted Family ſhall ceaſe;
Too well thou know'ſt, and ſad Experience ſhews,
How the lewd Monarch from a homely Spouſe
Flies with Diſdain, and on th'ignoble Crowd
Scatters the great Remains of Royal Blood.
Thus mighty *Jove*, when hated *Juno* cloys,
In other Arms, perſues more ſprightly Joys,

Stoops

Stoops from his Heav'n to taſt a brutal Vice,
And fills with Baſtard Gods the bluſhing Skies;
From Ills like theſe, great Prince! betimes remove,
And ſcorn to marry what thou canſt not love,
Thy Nuptials bleſt in ſome auſpicious Birth,
Should with another *Eugene* grace the Earth:
Pardon, brave Man, if the too forward Muſe
Directs thy Joys, and warns thee how to chuſe,
A lovely Form and Mind, alike Divine,
Where all the Vertues and the Graces join:
Not high by Pedigree, nor great by Blood,
But by firm Choice and native Inſtinct good,
Will beſt reward thy Love, and eaſe thy Care,
When cloy'd with Conqueſt and the Toils of War,
Let other Chiefs, who wield a tott'ring State
And ſinking Empire, inſecurely great,
Wed by State Policy to prop a Throne,
And whilſt they win a Kingdom, loſe a Son:
So to the Elm the Vine for Succour climbs,
And on that Trunk ſupports its ſinking Limbs:
Thee no ſuch mean ignoble Ends ſhall move
To buy Ambition at the Price of Love,
No Arts like theſe ſhall fix thy riſing Pow'r,
Great, when alone, and in thy ſelf ſecure.

Go, lovely Prince, and from the beauteous Train
Chuſe the bleſt Maid, whilſt to an humbler Strain
The bluſhing Muſe her am'rous Song diverts,
And to the marry'd Pair new Rules imparts.

CALLI-

CALLIPÆDIA:

Or, the ART of GETTING PRETTY CHILDREN.

BOOK II.

BY Sacred Tyes made one, the happy Pair,
Expect the Night, and for new Joys prepare:
The Train of Youths and Nymphs, that grac'd the Feast,
Retire, all with the drunken God possest:
The foaming Bowl goes round, the Floor is strow'd
With Cups o'ercharg'd, that burst beneath their Load:
Through vaulted Roofs the tuneful Echoes sound,
And artful Measures beat the solid Ground:
Each vig'rous Youth the active Virgin warms
Mixt in the Dance, intent on Musick's Charms:
Among the rest, the most melodious Voice
Begins a Song of Kisses, Mirth, and Joys,
And bridal Pledges, lovely Girls and Boys:

Thee, *Venus*, kindeſt Pow'r to human Race,
He ſings of thee, beſt Object of our Praiſe,
Great Author, of all Pleaſure, Mirth and Love,
Allow'd by Heav'n, and practis'd ev'n by *Jove*:
But he purſues with Satyr's keeneſt Hate,
The cold coy Nymph, curſt in the Virgin State,
And *Pallas* and *Diana* both upbraids,
Fixt by their Vows two unrelenting Maids:
Paris he ſings, and mounts him to the Skies
For Juſtice, when he gave the golden Prize
To Beauty's Queen, which he before deny'd
To *Pallas* Anger and to *Juno*'s Pride:
Ev'n *Phœbus*, though by him inſpir'd, he blames
For looſe abandon'd Love and barren Flames,
Plac'd on a Boy, unnatural and vain,
Heedleſly lov'd, unfortunately ſlain:
Nor does his Satyr ſpare almighty *Jove*,
Involv'd in the ſame Crime of fruitleſs Love:
Theſe Luſts he leaves to Brutes that range the Fields,
And only ſpeaks the Joys which Nature yields,
The laughing Sages all applaud the Song.
Grave Matrons ſmile, the modeſt and the young
Indulge the Mirth: For now the Shades ariſe,
And *Venus* Star, juſt lighted in the Skies
Free Gayety and Love inſpires, the Hour
Of Bliſs draws nigh: kind *Hymen*, grateful Pow'r
To nuptial Rites, comes with his laughing Train,
And great *Saturnia* ſhakes her Torch amain.

The Grave experienc'd Dames, who oft have try'd
The Sports of Love, inſtruct the lifting Bride
In every nuptial Precept, and prepare
Their modeſt Champion for the coming War:
By whom puſh'd on, her Virgin Fears diſpell'd,
She haſtens to the Fight and takes the Field.

The Youth more eager and impatient grows,
And to the Bliſs invites his bluſhing Spouſe:
His Wiſhes drive the lazy Minutes on,
He bids the rude intruding Train be gone,
Vigour, and Love, and Solitude excite
To nobler Sports, and urge him to the Fight.

Alas, too forward Youth! this Rage forbear,
Be brave, but uſe ſome Conduct in the War:
When Wine inſpires, and jolly *Bacchus* reigns,
And indigeſted Dainties ſwell the Veins,
Crude, ſickly Humours ſtir, that pall the Bliſs,
Whence weakly and unfiniſh'd Forms ariſe:
A while refrain: a few perſpiring Hours
Will temper the rude Maſs, whoſe ripening Force
Shall then the nobleſt Images produce:
Obſerve this Rule, though hard, of wond'rous Uſe,

They, who attend to Nature's Laws, approve
The Morning, as the fitteſt Time for Love,
And by unerring Rules, 'tis always found
Such Joys are with the lovely'ſt Offspring crown'd;
For when the Night aſcends in Drizly Dews,
And lazy ſlumbers o'er the Limbs diffuſe,
The Heat retiring to the Stomach flies,
And ripens all its nauſeous Crudities;
Hence flows the *Chyle*, whoſe ſilver Riv'lets glide
Strain'd through the Liver's Pores, there chang'd and dy'd
With noble Crimſon, to the Veins they paſs,
And fill with ſanguine Springs the ſprightly Maſs:
Hence comes that genial Force, and gen'rous Heat,
That prompt to Love and make the Work compleat:
Through intricate and racy Tracks diſtill'd,
With Teeming Sparks and active Atoms fill'd,
Rapid and warm, the well-mix'd Torrent flows,
And ſcatters Life and Spirit as it goes;
Theſe Reaſons warn the eager Youth to ſtay,
And temper Paſſion with a ſhort Delay,
Leſt Nature ſhould revenge the haſty Deed,
And with rude Forms defile the bridal Bed;
Great *Jove* (the Tale is Common) once withdrew,
And warm with Nectar to his *Juno* flew,
There in the Riot of that raſh Embrace,
Produc'd a monſtrous Shape and ugly Face,
Vulcan, the ſcandal of his Father's Race:
Puſh'd from the Skies, *Pallas* rejects his Court,
And Sends him where with Freedom all reſort,
To *Venus* Arms: She, though his Wife and Spouſe,
Yet (lovely Rover) ſcorns her nuptial Vows,

Diſdains

Diſdains his wretched Form, flies from his Arms,
And on a thouſand more profuſely ſheds her Charms.

Nor is't enough to ſtop the eager Boy
From ill-tim'd Pleaſures, and too wild a Joy:
Let him obſerve beſides, with curious Eyes,
The Aſpect of the Heav'ns, what Planets riſe,
The Influence and the Motion of the Stars,
When for the bridal Bliſs he firſt prepares.

If Great *Lucina*, to renew the Earth,
Bleſſes Mankind with ſome auſpicious Birth,
Juſt as they hear the new born Infant cry,
Old Dotards gaze upon the diſtant Sky,
And pore for Fortune, Fate and Deſtiny:
But 'tis of more concern, by far, to know
What Planets rule the courſe of things below,
When the firſt Hopes of Harveſt are begun,
And the young Seeds of human Race are ſown:
For then, the Humours lie diſperſt and looſe,
Nor ſtagnate yet, the ſtream unſettled flows,
And e'er it gathers to a ſolid Maſs,
Receives the mighty Influence with Eaſe,
And all the Conduct of the Stars obeys:
Theſe ſecrets, which the Fates and Heav'ns conceal,
What Bard unaided by the Gods can tell?
Deſcend *Uranie*, from thy bliſsful Sphere,
Where among Stars thou reign'ſt, and view'ſt from far,
Diſdaining this low Orb, aſſiſt my Lays,
Thy Beauties lend, for 'tis in Beauty's Praiſe,
I ſing: Attentive Mortals ſhall admire,
If thou direct the Song, if thou inſpire.

Yon glitt'ring Orb, on azure Arches born,
Whoſe ſparkling Roof ten thouſand Lights adorn,
Was not thus finely wrought and ſpangl'd o'er
With twinkling Gems, by an Almighty Pow'r,
Only to pleaſe us Mortals here below,
With a fair Proſpect, and an empty Shew:
This glorious Product of the Heavenly Mind,
For nobler Ends and Uſes was deſign'd:
See, as the Stars their ſignal Glances ſhed,
Rains, ſcorching Heat, and whiſtling Winds ſucceed;

Who knows not what *Orion's* Sword portends,
When from full Clouds the burſting Rain deſcends,
Or what the *Hyades*, the Siſter Stars,
Forebode to Earth, all moiſten'd with their Tears,
What Heats ariſe, when the fell *Dogſtar* reigns,
And ſcorches with his Rayes the ſultry Plains,
When the great Authors of our Lives are ſate:
In Council, o'er the World's impending Fate:
When *Jove*, and bloody *Mars*, and *Saturn* join
With the fierce *Lyon*, a diſaſtrous Sign,
What Wars and Plagues infeſt the World below,
And Furies range to ſcatter deadly Woe?
Empires ſhall totter, Tumults ſhake the Throne,
And Tyrants ſeize on Kingdoms, not their own:
Such Planets rul'd, when *Caſar* heretofore,
With *Pompey* his great Rival tugg'd for Pow'r,
And dy'd *Pharſalia's* Plains with *Roman* Gore;
Lately the boding Heav'ns foretold the Fall
Of the proud *Spaniard* and the haughty *Gaul*;
When rival Kings conteſt a doubtful Throne,
Auſpicious Stars the injur'd Monarch own,
Saturn, and *Mars*, and *Jove* unite their Fire,
The *Centaur* aims his Bow, and prances higher,
And all the Planets in the Cauſe conſpire.
That dire Diſeaſe which ſpoils the vig'rous Blood,
And poyſons our beſt Joys, intirely ow'd
Its Riſe to ſome malignant Planet's Reign:
For when the curſt Contagion firſt began,
The *Crab* and *Mars*, 'tis ſaid, united were
With *Saturn's* gloomy and ill-boding Star:
But I forbear theſe Secrets of the Gods,
Conceal'd in ſacred and remote Abodes;
Let mighty *Phœbus*, whoſe all-piercing Eye
Searches the utmoſt Limits of the Sky,
Tell how theſe Lights conduct us, how they move,
And how direct the Pow'rs and Joys of Love.

In early times, when firſt the Iron Age,
Open'd its Scenes of Luſt and brutal Rage,
Mankind, a monſtrous Progeny brought forth,
Gyants and ſavage Forms poſſeſs'd the Earth:
The Stars withdrew their Smiles, and ev'ry Grace
Fled from a frightful and uncomely Race;

The nuptial Pow'rs their wonted Aid deny'd,
No Love inſpired the Youth, no Beauty crown'd the Bride;
This *Jove* beheld, revolving in his Mind
The Cries and ſad Complaints of loſt Mankind:
He ſummons all the Gods with awful Voice,
All who preſide o'er Love and nuptial Joys,
T'attend his Throne: Great *Juno*'s ſelf was there,
Sweeping with Peacocks Tails the painted Air.
Venus, far diſtant from the *Cyprian* Grove,
Her well-match'd Turtles through the Welkin drove:
Bacchus and *Ceres* from the fruitful Field,
His Lap with Cluſters, her's with Wheat-Ears fill'd,
Did to the Palace, hand in hand, reſort,
Both friendly Pow'rs to Love and am'rous Sport,
The Council ſate, Almighty *Jove* began,
And told the great Diſtreſs and State of Man,
Their ſad Petition and inceſſant Cries,
And on that Subject ask'd their beſt Advice.

Thus he: then *Phœbus* from the Bench of Gods
Aroſe, and as th' Aſſenting Thund'rer nods,
Beſpeaks the Conſult thus. Too well you know,
Dread Pow'rs, the Ignorance that reigns below,
The Cauſe and Source of all their Wants and Woe:
Hence Man, our nobleſt Image is defac'd,
And all the Beauties gone, that once your Godheads pleas'd,
Permit me, who the World's wide Bounds ſurvey,
And meaſure out my Travels with the Day,
The Pow'rs and Courſes of the Stars to trace:
By me they ſhine, I lend 'em all their Rays:
The ſecret Cure of all theſe Ills i'll tell,
Uncommon Truths, which Night and Clouds conceal:
The *Zodiac* thwarts the Globe, and girds it in,
On which twelve *Signs* in equal Spaces ſhine,
Theſe ſhed their Glances in the teeming Womb,
From theſe all Uglyneſs and Beauty come.

Let the briſk Youth forbear, when *Aries* reigns,
No hopeful Product ſhall reward his Pains:
Around he ſpreads th'invenom'd Fleecy Fires,
The Beauties fly, and every Grace retires,
Too late the ſad relenting Dame ſhall mourn,
The Child, beneath his fatal Guidance born;

Long Neck, white Hairs, with a diſtorted Face,
And a tough Skin ſhall the new Birth Diſgrace,
Its Looks all heavy, dull, and downcaſt Eyes,
With a decrepit Form, or monſt'rous Size.

When mighty *Mars* and *Saturn's* gloomy Pow'r
Aſſiſt the *Ram*, unhappy is that Hour
To Boys and Girls, from whom all Beauty flies,
Strength from their Limbs, and Luſtre from their Eyes.

Not leſs the frightful Aſpect of the *Bull*,
Or the malicious *Eye*'s ill-fated Scowl,
Defile all Products; and alike ſevere
Are the *ſev'n* Sifter *Stars*, themſelves ſo fair,
Who, though deſcended of a lovely Race,
Deny their Charms to every other Face,
Unleſs kind *Cynthia* interpoſe, and join
Her candid Beams, to paint the ſilver Skin
And draw with pointed Rays each lovely Line.

Let *Taurus* reign far hence, beneath our Sphere,
A Pow'r ungrateful to the young and fair:
No other Beauties the dire Monſter knows,
But glaring Eyes, thick Neck, and bended Brows,
Red Hair, a mighty Voice, eternal Frowns,
With a vaſt Bulk, the Shape of Boors and Clowns.

But then the kind auſpicious *Twins* diſtil
Sweetneſs and Grace, and Looks that always ſmile:
Theſe ſprung from mighty *Jove* in *Leda*'s Arms,
Divinely bleſt, with all their Mother's Charms,
The God tranſlated to his Realm above,
Fixt Stars, to *Venus* ſacred, and to Love:
From their bleſt Influence all Graces riſe,
Bright Bloom, ſoft Looks, ſweet Lips, and ſparkling Eyes:
Theſe with the nobleſt vertues fill the Mind,
With Wit, and Arts, and Eloquence refin'd:
For *Mercury*, whoſe Tongue enchanting wins
All Ears and Hearts, with Beams immingled ſhines
Cloſe by the happy Pair, and both unite
To fill the Maſs with Charms, the Mind with Light.

Unlike

Unlike to theſe, diſtorted *Cancer* draws
His ling'ring Limbs and drags his clenching Claws;
Of crooked Shapes, and monſtrous Forms the Cauſe:
Hence little Eyes and Teeth uneven ſet,
Hence Tumours, Wens and Members incompleat;
Hence weak long Arms, hence apiſh Forms of Man,
And Dwarfs debaſing the great Godlike Strain.

The fam'd *Nemean* Monſter's glitt'ring *Skin*,
Which great *Alcides* bore, a direful Sign,
Succeeds the *Crab*; whoſe mighty Star preſides
O'er rough athletick Joints and ſturdy Sides,
Strong Arms and brawny Nerves, whilſt Rage and Ire,
And Courage in the manly Birth conſpire:
What leſs can ſuch a monſtrous Brute portend,
That once laid waſte fair *Argos* fertile Land,
And merited to fall by great *Alcides* Hand?
Hence ſavage Tempers and Tyrannick Pow'r:
The Luſt of Empire and the Lyon's Roar:
Unleſs ſome gentler Planet can aſſuage
This madding Star, and curb its brutal Rage:
Can *Virgo* tame him, lovely Light that ſhines
So near him, or *Aſtræa* that refines
The Age with Juſtice? She long ſince diſdain'd,
By the vile World, where once in peace ſhe reign'd;
Now Rules above near where the *Spike* aſpires
And brandiſh'd *Torch* devours Ethereal Fires:
Theſe to the World their num'rous Gifts diſpence,
The *Virgin* ſheds her grateful Influence,
Though chaſt her ſelf, upon the happy Pair,
Gives Beauties to the Good, and Vertues to the fair.

When ſmiling *Libra* mounts the azure Space,
A thouſand Bleſſings in each Scale ſhe weighs,
And favours all beneath with fair Increaſe:
Venus with her a conſtant Gueſt reſides,
And each by turns o'er Love and Mirth preſides:
Old *Saturn* oft endeavours to debaſe
Her Pow'r by mingling his own baneful Rays,
As oft the ſullen God's Ill-Nature fails,
For *Venus* reigns and Beauty ſtill prevails.

See

See with what angry Looks the *Scorpion* leaves
His Bed, and riſes through the hiſſing Waves:
Cloſe in *Orion's* Steps the Monſter treads,
Follows behind, nor the drawn Fauchion dreads,
Whoſe wretched Form from Slime and Mud begun,
Makes ev'ry Shape as monſtrous as his own:
His nauſeous Products through the World are ſeen,
Long Legs, large Feet, red Hair, and ſneaking Mien:
Where'er he ſweeps his vaſt envenom'd Tail
Ill-Nature and Deformity prevail.

But *Chiron* by great *Jove* ordain'd a Star,
And plac'd among the Gods, to crown his Care
Of the fam'd *Grecian* Youth, auſpicious ſhines
And to a nobler Form the Birth inclines:
For from the Sea when firſt he rears his Breaſt,
And Head, and aiming Bow, and Brawny Creſt,
All bleſs the Sign, as proſperous and kind,
Not ſo his ugly brutal Parts behind:
For diff'rent as his Figure is his Force,
Happy the Man, unfortunate the Horſe.

The ſhaggy *Goat* to *Saturn* near ally'd,
Scatters its vengeful Beams and poyſons wide,
Curſt by the longing Sire and teeming Bride.

But when the *Phrygian* Boy lovely and young
Appears, ten thouſand Joys arround him throng:
A Train of Youths the Rivals of his Charms
Riſe up to Life and glad their Mother's Arms.

The watry *Piſces*, fill'd with nauſeous Brine,
To Sickneſs and to Impotence incline:
No Birth, no Product of this Sign can pleaſe,
But Dwarfs ſtart up and a *Pygmean* Race.

To you, great Powers, 'twere needleſs to reherſe
All Aſpect and all Motions of the Stars,
When they contend and jar, when meet and join,
The *Quadrant*, or the *Sextil*, or the *Trine*,
Thou Queen of Beauty and thou mighty *Jove*,
Are the two only conſtant Pow'rs above,
Still kind to Mortals, ſtill indulging Love,

All

All Tongues to bleſs the welcome *Spring* conſpire,
That prompts to Joys, and ſtirs the am'rous Fire:
Then ſprightly Spirits through the Air diffuſe,
The teeming Earth a thouſand Forms renews:
But when the ſultry *Summer* burns the Plains,
The Blood dries up within the lab'ring Veins,
The Vigour waſts, the Vitals Chafe and Sweat,
And all the genial Force diſſolves with Heat,
When the mild *Autumn Phœbus* rage diſpels,
The Spirits flag, and ſink within their Cells:
But when the *Winter* reigns all cold and chill,
The Fire goes out, and every Stream ſtands ſtill,
Yet Man, vain Man! perſues his eager Bliſs,
Nor minds the Times and Poſture of the Skies,
But in Ill-choſen Nights and luckleſs Days,
Goes on to propagate a homely Race.

Thus mighty *Phœbus* ſpoke: the liſtning Throng
Of Gods, with *Jove*, aſſent and praiſe the Song:
The Sifter Muſes catch each ſacred Word,
And every Rule in golden Leaves record.
The faireſt of the nine, that drink the Spring,
Who aids my Verſe, and loves the Art I ſing,
To me her voted Bard *Urania* taught
Theſe Oracles from hallow'd *Pindus* brought.

You then who glory in a Father's Name,
And would to future times tranſmit your Fame;
Surviving in your Offspring: watch with Care,
When firſt you haſten to the am'rous War,
What Planet rules, and what impending Star
Directs the Birth, whether the Queen of Love,
Saturn, or *Mars*, or *Mercury*, or *Jove*,
Or fiery *Phœbus*, or the ſilver Moon!
As theſe appear, let the great Work go on.

Nor is it hard to learn this uſeful Art,
For the ſkill'd Sages every Year impart
The Annals of the Heav'ns, whoſe Rules explain
The Stars, their Motions, when they riſe and reign:
Read theſe with Diligence: watch the ſwift Spheres,
How with the Morn and Night, the whirling Stars

Turn round, and in the ſame bright Order move,
You'll find a Sign for every Hour of Love.

The Seaſons thus obſerv'd: the careful Muſe
Shall other Precepts and new Rules diſcloſe,
When Love incites let not the eager Boy
Ruſh too impétuous on the bridal Joy,
Leſt with ſalacious Force the Dregs he raiſe
Whoſe Sediment the gen'rous Birth delays.
Or lewd convulſive Shocks untimely ſtrain
The genial Pow'r, and make the Effort vain;
Thin Crops and empty Barns reward his Toil,
Who ſows in Marſhes, or too damp a Soil:
Melt down the noble Ore by ſoft Degrees,
Free'd from Alloy and dull incongruous Lees,
Then pour the gen'rous Liquid gently in,
'Twill fill the Mold with Shapes and Forms Divine;
But from a haſty, rude, immodeſt Bliſs,
Monſters and Lepers ill-tim'd Births ariſe;
Great Nature ſheds on ſuch intemp'rate Joys
Her vengeful Venom, and the Birth deſtroys,
Whoſe poiſnous Seeds with rapid Speed and Force,
Like Lightning kill, whate'er obſtructs their Courſe,
Far as her angry Hand theſe Atoms ſpills,
No Fruits the Bud, the Vine no Cluſters yields,
And foaming Dogs run madding through the Fields.

Then let the caution'd Youth betimes beware,
And taſte his Joys with Leiſure and with Care:
Nor let the Bride with rude Confuſion greet
The Man, nor like an eager Strumpet meet
His Arms, but with Reluctance calm and coy,
Softly diſſolve and take the gentle Joy:
Such barren Sports in lewd Embraces pleaſe,
Not made to bleſs the Bed with fair Increaſe:
The bridal Torch exerts when gently fann'd
A grateful Flame, but by too rough a Hand
Toſs'd in the Winds and Storms, as ſoon expires,
Or burns with ſickly and unactive Fires.

Forgive me, Nymphs, if farther I perſue
The pleaſing Theme and open to your View,
Great Nature's ſacred Seat and nobleſt Stores,
Where Love reſides with all its wanton Pow'rs.

In

In cloſe Receſſes, hid from curious Eyes,
Beneath a Shade, the bliſsful Region lies,
A riſing Eminence ſurrounds the Vale,
And hems it in: Ten thouſand Sweets exhale
From every Part: beneath, two Fountains flow,
And water all the fertil Fields below,
A thwarting Line divides the middle Space,
Here ſport the Boys, and there the Virgin plays:
A ſhady Walk adjoining to the Grove,
Thence leads you to the verdant Bow'r of Love:
Through various Mazes with Delight you paſs,
And lovely Straights, that whilſt they puzzle pleaſe:
Here Venus ſports along the ſmiling Plain,
Here Nature firſt her active Reign began:
With conſtant Care the fruitful Vale ſhe tills,
And ſpreads a genial Vigour o'er the Fields,
As when the thirſty Ruſtick cheers his Soul,
Snatching the Viands, or the foaming Bowl:
So Gapes the Field to catch the falling Dews,
And if ſome gentle Hand the Rain infuſe
In kindly Show'rs, a thouſand teeming Seeds
Bloſſom and Bud, and a rich Crop ſucceeds:
Each thirſty Cranny, fill'd with Pregnant Brine,
Cloſes and ſhuts the welcome Moiſture in,
Then moulds and forms it to a timely Birth,
Then burſts again and ſhews it to the Earth:
But if rude Floods deſcend, or Storms ariſe,
In Mud and Slime the floating Surface lies:
Then no glad Swains their teeming Furrows boaſt
But all their Pains, and all their Hopes are loſt.

Happy the Sire that would his Wiſhes crown
And make his Name immortal in a Son,
To prop a ſinking Race: let ſuch attend,
To theſe the Muſe her beſt advice ſhall lend,
Diſdaining thoſe who point the Satyr's Rage
Againſt the lovely Sex that prop the Age,
And grace it with their Beauty: Whoſe fair Frame,
Not from the Dregs of ſickly Nature came,
Bright Monſters, Creatures, not by Heav'n deſign'd;
Far be ſuch Thoughts from every gen'rous Mind:
Theſe let the Sex with vengeful Hate perſue,
Whilſt to their Charms the proſtrate World ſhall bow;

But ſtill the noble Male, whoſe Glories raiſe
The Throne, and adding to a gen'rous Race;
Long Pedigrees to lateſt Times derive,
Asks all the Care and Praiſe the Muſe can give.
Brisk Heat, refin'd with elevated Fires,
Compounds the Maſs, and in the Male aſpires:
Hence flows that manly Strength and Godlike Mind;
Obſerv'd by all that ſtudy on Mankind:
Hence Induſtry and Courage, Wit and Parts,
Diſpos'd to hardy Arms, and peaceful Arts:
He that with Hopes of ſuch a Race is fir'd,
Muſt with the ſame prolifick Warmth inſpir'd,
Attempt the Work, the nobleſt Dainties chuſe,
And fill his ſwelling Veins with gen'rous Juice:
When Liquors boil, the Spirits bubbling up
Swim in diſcolour'd Foam, and float atop:
Juſt ſo, the ſilver Stream, that forms the Blood,
Nouriſh'd with coſtly Cates and luſcious Food,
Strains through the Nerves, and gathers to a Flood,
And aided by the Balſam of the Air,
Glides on and ſpreads the ſprightly Warmth afar;
Thence to the genial Bed the Torrent runs,
And bears a laughing Race of lovely Sons.

A thouſand various Viands for the Taſte;
Nature profuſe, and prodigal of Waſte,
Scatters with laviſh Hands for human Uſe,
Not eaſie to recount: The grateful Muſe
Shall only mention *Bacchus* noble Juice:
This prompts the vig'rous Youth to *Cupid*'s Wars;
And brings a num'rous Train of ſmiling Heirs;
What Nectar can outvie the fam'd *Champaign*,
Or *Burgundy*, beſt Product of the Plain?
Here let the gladſome Bride, and Youth carouſe,
And mingling Cups, and Hearts, and nuptial Vows,
Attempt great *Hymen*'s Work: For Love ſhall crown
The active Pleaſure with a ſprightly Son,
The noble Heat which mighty *Bacchus* gives,
Rouſes each Pow'r: the flagging Nerves revives:
Then Beauty, Vigour, Strength and Warmth prevail,
And all the gen'rous Compounds of the Male:
But if indulg'd too much the ſluggiſh God,
Lays on the ſickly Limbs a lazy Load,

And damps the watry Bliſs: No Joys enſue
Worthy a Father's Hope: this *Bacchus* knew;
When heretofore to *Venus* Arms he reel'd,
O'ercharged with Wine and all her Charms defil'd
With drunken Sports: from that falſe Rapture came,
A ſickly Girl deform'd, the Parent's Shame.

Let Prudence all thy Temp'rate Joys controul,
Thoſe of the bridal Bed, and ſparkling Bowl:
Beauty and Wine well temper'd in their Uſe,
And wiſely join'd, the nobleſt Males produce:
But Strength decays with oft repeated Joys,
And too much Love the flagging Spirits cloys;
Then ſickly Humours damp the gen'rous Blood,
Allay the Heat and ſpoil the manly Brood.

Let the wiſe Youth that hoards his precious Store;
When ripe for Action firſt, with Care explore
The Faces of the Skies, what Stars prevail,
And Planets reign propitious to the Male:
The *Ram*, the *Urn*, or *Libra* let him chuſe,
Whoſe healthy Rays prolifick Heat produce:
Or when the *Lyon* or the *Centaur* ſhines,
Or the auſpicious and well-boading *Twins*;
The Sages who conſult for coming Heirs,
Mind the Male Planets, as the kindeſt Stars,
Saturn, and *Jove*, and *Sol* and warlike *Mars*;
When *Phœbus*, who renews and cheers *Mankind*,
Or mighty *Jove* with a Male Sign is join'd,
That's the beſt Hour for *Cyprian* Sports deſign'd.

Prefer the Morn to Night's unwholſome Shade,
The Vigour then is ripe and ſolid made,
And temper'd for the Work ſecurely lays
The ſtrong Foundations of a laſting Race.

Juſt as the ſhort and bliſsful Feat is o'er,
Let the glad Bride full of the genial Pow'r,
Turn to the right and there a while recline,
For this by ſome is call'd a lucky Sign:
The right was always thought the happy'ſt Part,
Prefer'd by all, in Nature and in Art,
And hence the fancy'd Omen took its Riſe,
That on this Side the manly Offspring lies.

Others

Others have found a Method, to reſtrain
Th' Ignobler Part, and to divide the Man,
That nought but Strength and the beſt Force may flow
To crown with lovely Heirs the Parent's Vow:
This Way the Ruſticks with their Heifers uſe,
When the young Bull the ſinking Herd renews,
They curb his weaker Part, then turn him looſe
To range and ſport among the lowing Cows,
And hence a gen'rous Race of Males they find:
So much that Sex prevails in every Kind!

What Scenes do beſt befit the Acts of Love;
And in what Forms the Plyant Limbs ſhould move;
Whence Monſters and Hermophradites are bred,
And Shapes deform'd, that ſtain the Bridal Bed,
Are Themes for common Bards: Me ranging wide,
The Muſe does in a gentle Whiſper chide,
And bluſhing warns me, Stay, fond Youth! forbear,
To wound with wanton Words the modeſt Ear:
Far hence to *Paphos*, or the *Cyprian* Grove,
Theſe ſecrets of the am'rous Queen remove:
A better Theme, a nobler Subject chuſe,
For the unmarry'd Bard, and Virgin Muſe.

Thus ſhe, I gladly give the Pleaſure o'er,
And haſte to tell the mighty forming Pow'r,
How the rude Birth begins the early Dawn
Of Life and Sence, and ripens into Man.

CALLIPÆDIA:

Or, the ART of GETTING PRETTY CHILDREN.

BOOK III.

WHEN Nature firſt, by never failing Signs,
Shews ſure Conception and the Work begins,
The teeming Cavern, fill'd with Pleaſure, ſhuts
And the full Breaſt with milky Riv'lets ſpouts:
The ebbing Blood its wonted Courſe refrains,
And pleaſing Horrors trickle through the Veins:
Then let the pregnant Dame, in Nature ſkill'd,
Aid the new Birth, and form a handſome Child;
A careleſs Matron may with eaſe deſtroy
The Husband's Hopes, and ſpoil his tender Boy.

But ſince the Goddeſs kindly leads the Way
To all her dark Receſſes, I obey

The

The Call, will all her ſecret Depths reveal,
The Riſe of Beauty and its Cauſes tell:
Whence mingling Seeds, a rude unfiniſh'd Clod,
Riſe to a Man, the Image of a God.

Let the chaſte Nine their voted Bard forgive;
If he deſcribe in too exact a Life
The pleaſing Forms: no longer I approve
The guilty Joys, and active Feats, of Love:
Theſe let the breeding Spouſe betimes refrain,
And ſhun with fencing Arms the forward Man:
Repeated Loves all paſt Attemps confound:
Hence fruitleſs Offals and rude Forms abound;
When Liquids upon Liquids mingling pour,
Thick damps the active genial Heat devour,
Tumultuous Shocks diſperſe the Gath'ring Seeds,
A barren and abortive Pain ſucceeds;
When firſt the Cherry-Tree maturely blows,
And opens with the Spring its lab'ring Bows,
That Promiſe a full Crimſon Crop, to greet
The Lady's Lips, and crown the female Treat:
If ſome unlucky Storm, or ſweeping Wind,
Or the rough Hands of the too boiſt'rous Hind,
Shake off the Bloſſoms: All the Harveſt fails,
And the ſad Nymph the thin Deſert bewails;
So the Convulſions of repeated Bliſs,
Deſtroy all future Hopes of fair Increaſe,
Well may the careful Spouſe a while contain;
Since Wolves and Goats, the Rovers of the Plain,
When firſt they feel the teeming Seeds prevail,
Refuſe the Leap, and ſhun the hated Male.

What Dyet beſt preſerves and cheers the Blood,
And how the pregnant Bride muſt chuſe her Food,
The Muſe ſhould now unfold: but that's an Art
Which *Galen's* skilful Sons can beſt impart:
Theirs be the Task, which gladly I decline,
Perſuing with Delight my firſt Deſign.

When the young *Fœtus* feels the genial Heat,
And the firſt Pulſe of Life begins to beat:
When the ſoft Limbs with Nerves and Sinews bound,
Incloſe the active Soul, and claſp it round:

Then

Then let the breeding Matron well beware;
How ſhe indulge the Spleen, or yield to fear:
Let Melancholy ceaſe and Fancy roam
No more among the Shades and lonely Gloom,
That may the tender Soul with Spectres fright;
With Viſions, Ghoſts, or Goblins of the Night;
Let all her Thoughts on lovely Objects dwell,
Her Fancy in the niceſt Charms excel:
No other Phantoms ſhould admittance find,
But what may pleaſe the Eye and cheer the Mind;
For whilſt great Nature's Work unfiniſh'd lies,
The Brain, to whoſe cloſe Cells each Object flies,
Conveys, by ſubtle Atoms, to the Womb,
All Images that from the Senſes come,
And theſe imprint upon the yielding Maſs,
Whatever Features, Looks and Forms, they pleaſe:
The paſſive *Fœtus* no Reſiſtance makes,
And oft a wrong deform'd Impreſſion takes:
As when the wheaten Grain has paſs'd the Mill,
And by the meeting Stones and whirling Wheel,
Is ground to Duſt: the skilful Dames infuſe
Hot boiling Water or the milky Juice,
Whence Paſte, a tender pliant Lump, they raiſe;
That every Touch and every Form obeys:
Juſt ſo the Phantoms of the active Mind,
Mould the ſoft Rudiments of human kind;
Nor is the ſecret new: 'twas known of old,
When oft of *Chiron*'s Birth the Sages told,
Whoſe Monſtrous Forms by blended Seeds began,
Producing half a Horſe, and half a Man.

From the cold Ocean ſprung with hot Deſire
Young *Phillyra* old *Saturn* did inſpire:
Who mad with reſtleſs Love and raging Fire,
Reſolv'd by force his burning Luſt to crown,
As *Jove* and other am'rous Gods had done;
Whilſt on her native Shores the heedleſs Maid,
Attended by her Siſter *Sea-Nymphs*, play'd:
The lewd old God deſcending from above,
Seiz'd the fair Prey, and bore her to the Grove;
Nor Tears nor Sighs could ſave her from his Pow'r
Rich in the Spoils of all her Virgin Store:

Well might the Nymph refuſe the fully'd Joys,
His briſtly Kiſs, and leeh'rous Odour cloys,
And all the Pleaſure of the Rape deſtroys;
Great *Cybel* hear'd the injur'd Virgin's cries,
And ſtraight alighted from the azure Skies:
With raging Fires her jealous Boſom glows,
And threatens Vengeance to her guilty Spouſe.
The God, juſt reeking with the luſtful Deed,
Saw her Approach, and from her Anger fled.
Ranging the Woods, chang'd to a Horſe's Shape,
He left the Nymph to mourn the luckleſs Rape.
Spoil'd of her Virgin Charms, in Tears ſhe lies,
And fills the Plains and Deſerts with her Cries;
In time, ſhe feels within the growing Load,
Big with the Vigor of the luſtful God:
This long ſhe bore, but when the ſilver Moon
Had nine full Stages o'er the Convex run,
Lucina eas'd her of the ponderous Birth,
And brought a hideous, frightful Monſter forth,
Mixt of the human and the brutal Kind,
A Man before, a hairy Horſe behind;
Trembling and pale, and with the Sight diſmay'd,
The Mother from the hateful Offspring fled.
Ye Nymphs, that o'er the curling Waves preſide,
Witneſs her Tears, that ſwell'd the briny Tide:
How to the Winds ſhe join'd her mournful Sighs,
And fill'd her Father's Court with Shrieks and Cries,
This well you know, and labour'd to relieve
With ſoft Advice, her never ceaſing Grief;
Was it for this, ſhe ſaid, I bravely ſtrove,
To guard my Honour from adult'rous Love?
Sure 'twas a God that did the fatal Deed,
Whence then was this ambiguous Monſter bred!
Wou'd kind *Lucina* had her Votry ſlain,
And that Way eas'd me of a Mother's Pain,
But now the Gods, and Stars, and angry Fate,
Reſerve me as the Object of their Hate.

Whilſt thus the Nymph her wretched State bewails,
Her Strength, and Speech, and drooping Spirit fails:
The Fainting Soul ſinks with its weighty Woes,
And a cold Sweat her dying Limbs o'erflows:
The Sea-Nymphs ſaw her falling with the Swoon,
And all officious to her Succour run:

Their

Their Hands the liquid amber Drops infuſe,
Her Father *Ocean* lent that Sov'reign Juice,
Whoſe healing Pow'r the fleeting Life renews:
Soon as her Soul and fading Senſe returns,
Again ſhe weeps, again inceſſant mourns
Her helpleſs State, impatient to ſurvive
Her woes, ſhe longs to end a hated Life,
But as ſhe mourn'd, kind *Somnus* gently ſtole
To her ſoft Eyes, and lull'd her ſinking Soul,
Whoſe ſoothing Pow'r her toilſome Cares unbends,
And to her Mind a pleaſing Viſion ſends.

For whilſt the Nymph diſſolv'd in Slumbers lay,
The Goddeſs *Phantaſie*, divinely Gay,
Clad in her brighteſt Charms and Rays appears,
A thouſand various Forms by turns ſhe wears:
Now tall and plump, now ſlender, ſhort and thin;
She changes every hour her Looks and Mien:
Sometimes ſhe ſhines in Robes of beamy Light,
Then hides her Face in Clouds and dusky Night,
Phantoms and Images in num'rous Trains
Around her wait, and in Diſorder dance:
From theſe the brighteſt Form and Shape ſhe took,
And clad in that, the ſleeping fair beſpoke.

Ceaſe, lovely Nymph, thy Grief, and dry thine Eyes,
For all thy Sorrows from thy ſelf ariſe:
When to a Horſe thy mighty Lover chang'd
His Godlike Form, the fair Idea rang'd
Thy Tender Limbs: thence to the Womb it ran,
And mingl'd half the Monſter with the Man:
I know the Secret well: from me they come,
Whatever Spectres through the Welkin Roam:
I mould their Forms, and variouſly diſpence
Whole Trains of Objects to the watchful Senſe:
I form'd the Image, and with mighty Force
Imprinted on thy Soul a lively Horſe,
Juſt like the God, when ſated with thy Love,
He fled his Spouſe and gallopt to the Grove:
The Dire Idea fill'd thy active Thought
And charm'd thy Senſe, the roving Spirits caught
The Phantom, and convey'd it from the Mind,
And in the Womb the Man and Horſe were join'd.

Unhappy Nymph! by empty Shews miſled;
Whom thy own Fancy and my Pow'r betray'd:
Thou yieldedſt to their Force, or elſe hadſt been
Bleſt in a Race unmixt, and all Divine,
But as it is, allay thy growing Grief:
The Tidings which I bring thee, will revive
Thy drooping Soul, and for thy Woes atone:
Hear, what the Fates have promis'd for thy Son:
Believe me, for I now no longer feign,
Nor is the Viſion which thou ſee'ſt, in vain:
The Child that looks ſo ugly in thine Eyes,
When to full Growth his frightful Form ſhall riſe,
Bleſt with ripe Manhood and mature with Age,
Shall prove a wond'rous and uncommon Sage:
Among the Gods and Stars his active Mind
Shall wander, never tir'd and unconfin'd:
Nature to him ſhall open all her Store,
Her Plants, and Herbs, and ev'ry healing Pow'r:
To him the Fates and Planets ſhall impart
Their cloſe Deſigns, nor ſhall the Brutal Part
The mighty Range of his great Soul reſtrain,
Weigh down the nobler Form, or load the Man:
The Sea-born Goddeſs to his guardian Care,
Shall truſt her moſt belov'd and warlike Heir,
He ſhall in Arts and Arms inſtruct the Boy,
And breed him for the Siege and Fate of *Troy*.

This ſaid, the Goddeſs vaniſh'd into Air:
And gentle Sleep forſook the drowzy fair:
Pleas'd with the lovely Viſion, ſhe awoke,
And from her Soul all boding Sorrow ſhook,
Her Thoughts repeat the Scenes: the bluſhing Day
Chac'd, with her Slumbers, all her Griefs away:
Now skilful grown, and by Experience wiſe,
From every hateful Form ſhe turns her Eyes,
The Seas, and Shores, and native Ocean flies:
For there, vaſt Whales with Mountains ſwell the Tide;
And huge Sea-Horſes on the Billows ride:
There, Dolphins range, and Protean Monſters dwell,
And ſwelling *Tritons* ſound the twiſted Shell:
From theſe fair *Phillyra* in haſt removes,
And joins the *Naïds* in the Lawns and Groves;
There no uncomely Forms renew the Fright,
But all is lovely, beautiful and bright,

You then, that with a graceful Race would crown
Your fertil Loves, all frightful Phantoms ſhun,
But let the nobleſt Forms for Bliſs deſign'd,
Swim in your Eyes, and ſettle in your Mind:
If for a Boy you long, a ſprightly Heir,
Let great *Apollo* always young and fair
Be ever preſent, ever entertain
Your Minds, or bright *Alexis*, ſcornful Swain,
By *Corydon* belov'd, but lov'd in vain:
If on a handſome Girl your Hopes are plac'd,
Let *Venus* form, with every Beauty grac'd,
Dwell in the Eyes the ſpacious Fancy fill,
That paints the Heav'nly Face with matchleſs Skill,
Exceeding *Titian's* Art and active Quill,
Or think on *Danae* to whom great *Jove*
Deſcended in a Show'r, of Gold and Love:
But if the modern Beauties pleaſe you moſt,
Fancy ſome modiſh Nymph, and reigning *Toaſt*:
Imagine *Phyllis* fair as once ſhe was,
Adorn'd with every Charm, and youthful Grace,
When crowding Lovers own'd her awful Pow'r;
And I, among the reſt, her Fetters wore:
What Goddeſs then ſuch Beauty could outſhine?
How young, how blooming, how all o'er Divine!
The nobleſt red and white their Colours mix:
Snow on her Forehead, Roſes on her Cheeks:
Her Shape, the fineſt ever Nature made:
On every Limb ten thouſand Graces play'd,
And *Cupids* ſported o'er the ſpicy Plains,
Aiming their Darts in every killing Glance:
But now, ſo *Jove* and Fate, relentleſs Pow'rs,
Ordain, approaching Age her Charms devours:
Fain would ſhe the paſs'd happy Hours recal,
For now her fading Beauties droop and fall:
Deep Trenches on her hollow Cheeks appear;
She ſheds her ſwarthy Teeth and ſnowy Hair,
The Love that burnt me once with hopeleſs Fires,
Now gently cools, and with her Charms expires:
My Heart revives juſt as her Beauty dies,
And Time gives up the Triumphs of her Eyes:
Let every pregnant Matron ſhun, like me,
Such Objects hateful to the Soul and Eye,

Leſt the ſad Image of her wither'd Face,
Strike through the Womb, and ſtain a lovely Race.

Strange is the Story of a ſunny *Moor*,
That once a white diſcolour'd Daughter bore:
Andromeda the fair, in Beauties bloom,
Drawn by a ſkilful Hand adorn'd the Room;
And met her Eyes, when proſtrate on the Bed,
And ſtamp'd its ſnowy Image on the Seed,
Juſt in the *Criſis* of the lovely Deed:
Hence the degen'rate Nymph her Whiteneſs found,
But by the angry ſun-burnt Sire diſown'd,
Rambl'd the Globe, o'er Seas and Rivers croſs'd,
By Waves, and Winds, and endleſs Dangers toſs'd:
Till a fam'd Sage for Knowledge far renown'd,
The Cauſes of her Woe and Beauty found,
What dy'd her Cheeks, how the white lovely Frame
All from a dead and painted Parent came,
The Pencil's Work: but ſince the prying Prieſt
No farther ſaw, or elſe conceal'd the reſt:
Mine be the Task to ſhew, what active Pow'r
The Image to the teeming Liquid bore,
By what unheeded Steps and ſecret Ways,
Great Nature brings the mighty Work to paſs.

All Pedants and the wrangling Schools I quit,
With the obſcure, imperfect *Stagyrite*,
And free from Clouds, I ſeek a nobler Light:
Thy Garden, *Epicurus*, Nature Stores
With uſeful Herbs, and fair and fragrant Flow'rs:
Here let me gaze, here never weary'd ſtray,
If great *Gaſſendus* lead the pleaſing Way:
Gaſſendus! ſkilful Sage, in Arts profound,
Admir'd by all, by all ſuperior own'd,
In Nature's every Work and Pow'r excels,
To him the Goddeſs all her ſecrets tells,
All Bodies that compoſe the great Immenſe,
That feed the Brain and ſtrike the active Senſe,
A ſubtle Surface of looſe Atoms wear,
That float, and wander in the liquid Air:
Though far they fly, their Form is ſtill the ſame:
And theſe Ideas (that's their proper Name)
Are copy'd from the Subſtance whence they came,

Whoſe

Whoſe lively Picture they convey around
The Taſte, the Shape, the Odour and the Sound:
Through every Pore they paſs and every Vein,
And bear the Image to the active Brain,
Thus in a conſtant Flux the Atoms roam,
Yet nothing's loſt of the firſt bulky Sum:
For as one Species from the Object flies,
Another ſettles, and the place ſupplies:
And every Film's ſo ſubtle, and ſo fine,
Should the collected Atoms all combine,
Which in a hundred Years had ſkimm'd the Air,
Scarce would the Eye diſcern the Object clear,
And Spiders Threads might with the Lump compare;
Swift are their Steps, and quick as Thought they paſs
The darting Light, and *Phœbus* active Rays,
And nimble Birds that wing the middle ſpace,
All lag behind: The Stars that mount the Eaſt
Turn on their rapid Poles not half ſo faſt,
Theſe from each Subſtance, ev'ry Object fly,
And with ſoft Pulſes ſtrike the twinkling Eye:
Pleas'd with the Touch the greedy Senſe devours
The round ſmooth Globules, fitted to the Pores,
Thus in a ſlippery Train, they glide and rowl,
Through Nerves and Veins, and ſeek the inmoſt Soul,
There lodge the Image: ſhe delighted plays
With the ſoft Charm awhile, and then conveys
The pleaſing Phantom to the active Heart,
Thence to the Womb and to the teeming Part:
Where Nature lab'ring in the Seeds of Life,
Takes all the Objects which the Senſes give,
The fair Idea fills her active Mind,
Bent on the noble Fabrick of Mankind:
Hence every Charm ſhe culls, and every Grace,
And mingles with the Seeds of human Race.

Thoſe Atoms, that from ugly Objects riſe,
Are rough and harſh, and hateful to the Eyes,
With hamous Thorny Particles they tear,
And wound the Senſe, and horrid Spectres bear
To the affrighted Soul, that ſtarts to ſhun
The Ghaſtly Form, and drive the Image down:
Hence thrilling Horrors through the Members dart,
Shake every Joint, and chill the throbbing Heart;

The

The wretched Womb the frightful Shape receives,
And ſad Impreſſions on the *Fœtus* leaves:
Should fam'd *Prometheus* by ſuch Forms as theſe,
Attempt Great Nature's Work, no Charms would bleſs
The Boy, nor Shape, nor Face, nor Features pleaſe;
But why the Infant ſhifts its brittle Frame,
Whilſt ſtill the Mother's Beauty is the ſame;
Does to the thoughtleſs, wondrous ſeem, and ſtrange,
Who never ſearch the Reaſons of the Change:
The Storms and Winds that ſpoil the tender Fruit,
Can't hurt the maſſy Trunk, or hardy Root,
One ſtands unmov'd, the whiſtling Winds defies,
The other yields to every gentle Breeze;
Thus the firſt tender Bud of human Race,
Bends with the Air, and every Touch obeys:
And whilſt the racy Seeds of gen'rous Love
Begin to knit, a thouſand Phantoms rove
The Mind, and round the Work each Image plays;
And prints its Figure on the Shape and Face:
Nature from theſe does every Feature chuſe,
And every Limb, for Beauty or for Uſe:
The Entrails firſt and vital Strings ſhe weaves,
Then to each Member, due Proportion gives,
Lengthens the ſturdy Feet, and active Hands;
And fills with purple Streams the ſwelling Veins,
Then forms the Face, and draws each lively Line,
And cloſes all with a white ſleeky Skin,
Thus whilſt ſhe labours to adorn Mankind,
Let Fancy all the choice Materials find,
And every hateful Form and Object ſhun,
That may deface a Work ſo well begun.

Whilſt pleaſing Phantoms fill the active Mind,
Let the full Body to repoſe inclin'd,
Reſt with its Load: the careful Bride abſtains
All eager Motion, and the active Dance:
Both when the tender Maſs begins to ſtrive
Within, and when it gathers into Life,
By plyant Sinews knit and racy Strings,
The teeming Infant to its Mother clings,
Inhuman ſhe, if with harſh Shocks ſhe loſe
The tender graſp, and rudely diſcompoſe
The growing Frame, each Fibre, Nerve and Root;
Lies ras'd, and every Thread of Life is cut,

The

The ſprightly *Actreſs* to adorn the Scene
And Stage, unmindful of the Load within,
Dances a rude abortive Birth away,
Or propagates new Monſters for the Play;
The *Bacchanal*, that from the fruitful Joy
Reckons eight Months, and feels the riſing Boy,
If wanton and regardleſs of her Load,
She ſport and gambol with the drunken God,
And madding Crew: Her tender Offspring ſtrains,
Haſtens her Labour and augments her Pains;
Far from ſuch Feaſts let the big Matron fly,
And ſave at once her ſelf and Progeny:
Bid her be gon, when the loud Cymbals ſound,
And hand in hand the active Dance goes round.

Miſtake me not, nor fancy whilſt I blame
The dancing Romp, and the too active Dame
I mean to Praiſe the oppoſite extreme:
Between both Points the golden *Medium* lies,
The prudent Wife averſe to either Vice,
Shuns too much Reſt, and too much Exerciſe:
For Sloth collects the Humours to a Head,
That kill the ſprightly Fires, and clog the Seed,
Obſtructing every brisk and active Pow'r,
That forms the Limbs from Beauty's fruitful Store,
But gentle Exerciſe was always good,
It opens every Pore and ſcours the Blood
From Lees and Droſs: It gives the Infant Air
And room to play, till ripe, and ſtrong and fair,
It burſts into the World a finiſh'd Birth,
Made to adorn, and to encreaſe the Earth.

Each Nymph a thouſand various ſports may find,
To cheer the Body and refreſh the Mind:
Whether the duſty *Ring* and Chariot pleaſe,
Or the more open and more active Chaiſe:
Let ſuch to *Chelſea* or to *Richmund* hie,
There feaſt on Balm and breath a clearer Sky,
And thence returning by the Banks of *Thames*,
Perſue through ſhady Walks his ſilver Streams.

When to *Hyde-Park* the ev'ning Calm invites,
A thouſand Pleaſures there and gay Delights

Perſue each other in an endleſs Round,
With Joy and Riches every Circle crown'd:
Hither the Beauties of both Sexes come:
The lofty Steeds that toſs the ſilver Foam,
Bring on the youthful Hero, lovely great,
That lolls behind on the ſilk downy Seat:
High gilded Columns bear the moving Pile,
And hov'ring *Cupids* round the Baſes ſmile:
His flowing Hair the fragrant Air perfumes,
And gentle Breezes fan the nodding Plumes:
All cover'd with Embroidery and Lace,
He ſcatters through the Ring his blooming Rays.
See how the Circle crouds from every Side!
To ſee ſome reigning *Toaſt* in Triumph ride:
Surveying every Charm and every Part,
By Nature lovely, and adorn'd by Art:
Some on her heav'nly Breaſts enamour'd gaze,
Love in her Locks ten thouſand Nets diſplays,
Stars in her Eyes and Lillies in her Face:
Where'er ſhe moves, all bow obſequious down,
And the long Train of Slaves her Conqueſts own:
She conſcious of her Triumphs, as ſhe goes,
With every Smile a thouſand Joys beſtows.

A Scene like this, may pleaſingly divert
The pregnant Spouſe, and cheer her drooping Heart:
But when the Day is done and mantling gloom
Uſhers the Night and calls the Chariots home:
The eager Coachmen with new Vigor ſtrive,
Puſh for the Goal, and for Precedence drive:
They laſh, they call and urge each other on,
To try their Horſes mettle and their own:
Then the hot Axle cracks, the Wheels o'erſet,
And the mad driver Headlong leaves his Seat:
The ſcreeming Nymph diſorder'd with the Toſs,
Shows hidden Charms, but not unwilling ſhows:
Oft have I ſeen, but never ſaw unmov'd,
A Beauty by a thouſand Gazers lov'd,
Beſmear'd with Gore, and wounded in the Fall,
Her Cheeks, her Eyes, her mangl'd Face bewail,
An Object pity'd and ador'd by all,
Such Dangers let the breeding Matron ſhun,
And lolling at her eaſe, drive gently on,
Not bent to win a Race and loſe a Son,

Should no ſuch dire Events attend the Sport;
Should ſhe eſcape ſucceſsful and unhurt,
Yet ſtill the Fear's as fatal as the Fall:
Her ſinking Veins their purple Streams recal,
Which with a ſudden chilling Ebb retire,
Congeal the Blood and damp the Genial Fire,
A piercing Horror through the Members goes,
That ends in barren and abortive Throes.

More happy ſhe, who to ſome Country Seat
Does from the Town and duſty *Park* retreat,
There in cloſe Shades, and cool refreſhing Bow'rs,
Paſſes in Solitude the ſmiling Hours
Full of a Mother's Hopes: ſhe roams the Fields,
And catches all the Sweets that *Zephyr* yields:
But when the ſtormy Winter's chilling Air,
Blaſts all the Beauties of the blooming Year,
Diſrobes the Fields and ſtrips the verdant Trees,
And o'er the Champain ſpreads the ſnowy Fleece;
Then let the fruitful Wife betimes retire
To a cloſe Chamber and a conſtant Fire,
That no rude Winds no bleaky Froſts invade
Her tender Limbs, for Eaſe and Softneſs made;
There the cold Months in Pleaſure let her paſs,
And cheat with kindly Warmth the icy Days:
But ſometimes as the haſty Sun prevails,
And makes a few delightful Intervals:
Let her with Viſits cheer the tedious Nights,
Among the laughing Dames, and jovial Citts:
The killing Thought of all her future Pains
Shall ceaſe whilſt Mirth goes round, and Pleaſure reigns,
When Fredom, Love, and Gayety invite,
To harmleſs Tales and inofenſive Wit.

Laſtly, obſerve this Rule with conſtant Care;
'Tis the laſt Rule, but 'tis the nobleſt far:
With Pious Vows the awful Pow'rs perſue,
Who made thee fruitful, and preſerv'd thee ſo:
With Off'rings and with Pray'rs their Altars load:
Won with Intreaties, the aſſenting God
Shall yield to thy requeſt, and kindly crown
Thy future labours with a lovely Son:
The happy Child from Pious Parents born
With Vertue ſhall a while the Age adorn,

And when grown ripe for Heav'n, the ſmiling Gods
Shall ſafely lift him to their bright Abodes.

Let teeming Brides theſe wholſome Precepts mind,
Whilſt the young *Fœtus* in the Womb confin'd,
Gathers due Strength: and ripens to its Kind:
But When compleatly form'd, mature for Birth,
It ſtruggles with Impatience to break forth,
And heaves for Air, and ſearches for the Day,
With Care direct the Rover on its Way:
A thouſand Ills attend the Mother's Pains,
When the too eager Infant burſts its Chains,
Convulſive Shocks diſtort the tender Maſs,
Bend its ſoft Limbs and all its Charms deface:
Let fair *Lucina* aid the coming Birth,
And with ſoft Hands conduct it to the Earth:
If with extended Arms, and bended Knees,
Or forward Feet, the narrow Paſs it tries:
She with obſequious Care ſhall gently lead
The wandring Boy and raiſe his drooping Head:
Straight and erect the lovely Form ſhall riſe,
Salute the Gods, and on the diſtant Skies
And native Heav'n ſhall fix its wandring Eyes.
This Danger o'er, a greater ſtill remains:
The Nurſe's Care ſucceeds the Mother's Pains,
When ſafely reſcued from the Arms of Death,
The tender offspring firſt begins to breath,
On eaſie Down its feeble Members lay,
There, rock'd to Slumbers, let it paſs the Day:
Tie round its Fillets with a gentle Hand,
Even and ſmooth, and not too roughly ſtrain'd:
A careleſs Nurſe the early growth delays,
Will ſpoil its Shape and Nature's Work deface:
Oft have I ſeen an Infant ſwaddled cloſe,
And rack'd and tortur'd with inhuman Throes,
Till the rude Force its tender Joints diſplac'd,
And monſtrous Tumours on its Shoulders rais'd.
On Life's firſt Nonage and the growing State,
Ten thouſand Ills, and fell Diſtempers wait:
To theſe apply thy utmoſt Skill and Care,
And ſave and beautifie thy hopeful Heir;
A Mother's Blood, with ſickly Lees o'errun,
Derives the ſad Diſaſter on the Son:

Hence Boils and Sores, the tender Frame defile,
Spread o'er the Limbs and try the Artiſt's Skill:
Each Feature's mark'd with ſome diſtemper'd Sign,
The Noſe, the Cheeks, the Eyes, and flagging Skin:
How many Virgins mourn the ſad Diſeaſe,
That ſpoils their Charms, and on their Beauties preys:
Fair *Cloes* faded Face, with Tears o'erſpread,
Bewails the Lilies, that I'e cropt and dead:
And *Galatea* once like *Venus* ſhone,
Till with a faint and ſickly green o'errun,
Her Cheeks ſunk in, the Bloom extinguiſh'd dies,
And Rheums o'erflow the Luſtre of her Eyes:
Amintas too, who every Virgin fir'd,
Envy'd by all the Swains, by all admir'd,
Grown pale and wan, forſakes the verdant plains,
And every Nymph his hateful Sight diſdains,
What Arts and Herbs the dire Diſtempers heal,
Let thoſe, who ſtudy Nature's Secrets, tell,
This Theme unfit for little am'rous Songs,
To great *Apollo*'s other Sons belongs:
My humble Muſe the mighty Task declines,
To trace the Steps where great *Samarthan* ſhines
In nobler Verſe, him let the joyful Spouſe
And fruitful Bride with conſtant Care peruſe,
If in an Heir they would their Names prolong,
And keep him ever healthy, fair and young:
With balmy Sweets, and Herbs, and healing Lays,
The happy Artiſt every Pain allays:
Beauty and Art unite, to grace his Strains,
And great *Apollo* all his Godhead drains.

Here let the weary'd Muſe her Labours end,
And from the Clouds and ſtarry Heights deſcend:
The winging Horſe, that through the middle Space,
Soar'd o'er the ſubject Earth and diſtant Seas,
Now gently skims the Ground, and homeward hies,
And ſeeks the Shade, there, ſtretch'd at length, he lies
Spent with the tedious Courſe, he pants and heaves,
And waſhes off the Foam in *Pindus* waves.

The Time may come, when my now weary'd Breaſt
Once more ſhall entertain the Godlike Gueſt:
Then will I ſing in a more ſerious Strain,
Of all the inward Beauties of the Man:

How

How the bright Mind the lovely Body joins,
And with what Grace the happy Union ſhines,
Degen'rate Morals, and the giddy Crowd,
Make no diſtinction 'twixt the fair and good,
Nor bluſh to ſee their wretched Race's Shame,
A noble Spirit in an homely Frame,
The hard relentleſs Age, and iron Times,
Do ill deſerve to hear my hallow'd Rhimes;
But I diſdain, and will correct their Crimes:
See, Vertue from the Earth neglected flies,
And Modeſty returns to grace the Skies:
The brave old *Britiſh* genius which we boaſt,
In Vanity and foreign Modes is loſt;
Ye Gods, the Guardians of our lovely Iſles,
Avert theſe Evils, and renew your Smiles:
Reſtore the golden Days, and ever bleſs
Your fav'rite Realm, with Safety and with Peace:
Then Arts once more, ſhall grace the ſacred Gown,
And a freſh Green the fading Laurels crown.

CALLIPÆDIA:

Or, the ART of GETTING PRETTY CHILDREN.

BOOK IV.

ET Sloth and every lazy Pow'r be gone:
Let the gay Muſe, from *Pindus* Moſſy Down,
Start to the Song, and ſnatch the tuneful Lyre,
And *Phœbus* with new Warmth the Bard inſpire;
Already have I ſung in pleaſing Verſe,
Of Beauty's Nature, Origen, and Force:
What Looks and Limbs the finiſh'd Form adorn:
And from what Seeds the faireſt Race is born;
The laſt and greateſt Task is ſtill behind:
To tell the inward Beauties of the Mind:
How the bright Soul, with Life's eternal Rays,
And Vertue's Charms informs the human Maſs;

O *Pale*

O *Pallas*! faireſt Progeny of *Jove*,
Chaſt Deity! averſe to lawleſs Love,
By whoſe almighty Influence refin'd,
We boaſt the manly Graces of our Kind:
To whom we owe all Knowledge and all Arts,
Vertues, and Laws, and Manners, and Deſerts:
Inſpire thy Bard, who now invokes no more
The *Cyprian* Goddeſs, or her wanton Pow'r:
To purer Air, and nobler Heights I riſe,
Whilſt on the Ground her ſmoaking Taper lies.

E'er ſince *Prometheus* form'd Mankind of Clay,
Infuſing in the Lump the Heav'nly Ray,
Though ſtraight and upright, to the Gods ally'd,
The new-born Man, erect with gen'rous pride,
Looks up to Heav'n, whence half his Being came,
The Godhead ſtamp'd upon the human Frame,
Yet whilſt with endleſs Charms adorn'd he ſhines,
Still he's diſſatisfy'd, and ſtill repines:
Blames the great Author of the World, and loads
With impious Curſes, the too laviſh Gods:
Becauſe from Nature's Womb he naked crawls,
And to the ground a helpleſs Infant falls,
Expos'd to cold, and Wind, and ſickly Pains:
For this he grieves and thus the Wretch complains.

Why was I made ſo fair, inform'd with Fire,
From Heav'n, and copy'd by a Godlike Sire?
Why do I boaſt a noble active Mind,
Inſpir'd by *Jove*, with *Phœbus* Beams refin'd,
Since a poor, wretched, fooliſh Babe, I come,
Naked and feeble from the loneſome Womb?
Born to my own and to my Mother's Grief,
I cry, and ſicken, at the Dawn of Life:
The Brutes that downwards look, and range the Earth
Are happy in a ſtrong and luſty Birth:
Nature for theſe the nobleſt Arms provides,
Defends the Bull and Horſe with hairy Hides,
Strengthens their Feet with Hoofs, their Heads adorns,
And ſaves from harm, with hard offenſive Horns:
Scales to the Fiſh like Armour ſhe affords,
And pointed Beaks and Pinions to the Birds:
The kindly Earth her happy Sons maintains,
With Roots untill'd, and Fruits, and healthy Grains:

Whilſt

Whilſt I condemn'd to Labour, ſweat, and ſtrive,
And in ſupporting ſpend a wretched Life,
What is that Spark of Reaſon which I boaſt?
A twinkling Light in Gloom and Shadows loſt,
Hid for ſome Years, till long Experience chace
The clouds away, and opens in a Blaze:
Then damn'd to Pedantry, and ſenſeleſs Rules:
The Cant of Tutors, and the wrangling Schools,
Nature, the faithful Guide, miſtaken ſtrays,
Wanders in Deſarts and a barren Maze:
Thick Miſts and Fogs obſtruct its prying Eyes,
And Shade the Forms of Vertue and of Vice:
Who can diſcern the narrow ſcanty Bounds,
Which Art and dull Philoſophy confounds?
How can weak Man, by brutiſh Paſſions ſway'd,
Subdue their Pow'r, with feeble Reaſon's aid?
Who can reſiſt the Tide and rapid Stream
Of Luſt, or Anger's mighty Tempeſt tame?
Thus has unequal Heav'n to me deny'd
The Bleſſings it beſtows on all beſide:
And yet the Thing, thus weak, thus low, thus Vain,
Is Lord of all, the boaſted Creature, Man.

Complaints like theſe, that wrong the Deities,
And injure *Jove*, from Folly, and from Vice,
And blind beſotted Ignorance ariſe,
Who can unmov'd the horrid Scandal hear?
Or who ſuch Satyrs on Mankind could bear?
Exalted Creature! Nature's beſt Deſign!
In thee the Beauties of both Regions ſhine:
A Form all lovely, and a Soul Divine,
Dread Monarch of the World, the Earth and Sea:
And Viceroy of the Gods, whom all below obey.
For thy firſt naked, ſickly, infant Years,
Thy helpleſs State, thy Cries and conſtant Tears,
The Strength of Reaſon, and the Joys of Senſe,
And Manhood, yield an ample Recompence;
Nature with Guardian Care thy Nonage ſhields,
And by degrees the ſtately Fabrick builds:
Till Reaſon grown mature, at once diſplays
Collected Force, and full Meridian Rays:
This ſearches far and near, with ſubtle Light
Dividing Vice and Vertue, Wrong and Right;

Then bids the liſtning Soul, diſtinctly chuſe,
And dictates, which to take, and which refuſe;
This prompts to peaceful Arms, and martial Deeds,
Myſterious Crafts, mechanick Pow'rs, and Trades,
Builds Walls, and Temples, Palaces and Seats,
Erects new Empires, and gives Laws to States;
All earthly Things are ſubject to the Mind:
The jarring Elements, that once combin'd
To form the Godlike Being, now obey
His Pow'r, and ſtoop beneath their Monarch's Sway.

Tis true the Spirit ſometimes grov'ling lies,
Loaded with Limbs, nor dares aſcend the Skies;
Yet if it heaves, and ſtruggles to be gone,
No Weight can keep the fleeting Rover down:
'Twill mount aloft to Heav'n, converſe with *Jove*,
And wander o'er the ſtarry Plains above;
Frequent Reflections on the nobler Part,
The drooping Soul with pleaſing Scenes divert:
Would Mortals inward turn their wandring Eyes,
How would they all the droſſy World deſpiſe?
Happy the few, that can that State attain:
In whom fair Innocence and Vertue reign,
Whoſe golden Rules and myſtick Laws impart
The mighty Bliſs, and teach the wondrous Art.

If the Stars favour, Vertue is allow'd
To ſhine the brighteſt in the nobleſt Blood:
Happy the Sire, and happy is the Heir,
That does his Father's Worth and Goodneſs ſhare:
Yet Vice, and Luſt, and Folly, oft deface
The ill-bred Relique of a gen'rous Race.

Unwiſe are they, who truſt an only Son
To baſe-born Nurſes, vulgar and unknown,
The Wife, or Daughter of ſome brutiſh Clown;
Oft with Ill-Humours and with Sores replete,
The ſickly Milk deſcending from the Teat,
Entails its noxious Humours on the Child,
With all the Nurſe's Pains and Crimes defil'd:
A vile Contagion ſpoils the gen'rous kind,
Poiſons the Body, and corrupts the Mind;

What

What can a Strumpet's glowing Breaſts produce,
But Luſt and Fire, amidſt the fickly Face,
With the rank Filth, and Venom of the Stews?
The brutal Rage of *Rome*'s great Founder came
All from the ſuckling Wolf, his ſavage Dam,
By which inſpir'd the *Latian* Realm he ſpoil'd,
And *Sabine* Nymph with impious Luſt defil'd;
By Rapine rais'd a State, his Hands imbru'd
Deep in his Brother *Remus* ſacred Blood.

Chuſe a chaſt cleanly Dame, of gentle Race,
That may with Care the ſprightly Infant raiſe:
Then learn in Wiſdom's ſhining Steps to train
His Nonage, and let Goodneſs crown the Man;
Study and Exerciſe, in Time, diſpoſe
To vertuous Deeds the wayward and the croſs,
By theſe great *Socrates* his Soul refin'd
Tho' bent on Folly and to Vice inclin'd:
Till him at laſt, in *Greece* for Wiſdom fam'd,
The wiſeſt God, the wiſeſt Man proclaim'd.
Great Vertues Precepts, and her num'rous Laws,
The ſcanty Bounds of Poetry ſurpaſs:
The firſt and leading Truths the Muſe ſhall trace:
She ſhall inſtruct the Youth, the Infant guide,
With Rules, to every Stage of Life apply'd.

Whilſt the ſoft Babe in Tears and Moiſture drown'd,
No Language utters, but the ſenſeleſs Sound
Of conſtant Cries: with gentle Food maintain
The growing Bulk, and build the riſing Man;
Obſerve the Form and Figure, as it grows,
And every Limb to proper Shapes diſpoſe;
Whilſt Nonage laſts, the Soul immerſt in Clay,
Shines in the dark, and hides the Heav'nly Ray:
So *Phœbus*, riſing from the briny Waves,
When firſt the Ocean's watry Bed he leaves,
With ſickly Light the Earth and Mountains gilds,
Till the Meridian Point full Glory yields.

Soon as the Infant can diſtinguiſh Sounds,
Stammers and talks, and labours to pronounce
Its native Language, then inſtil with Care
The ſacred Terrors, and religious Fear,

Teach him to know a firſt eternal Cauſe,
To dread his Being and obey his Laws:
And let his liſping Tongue betimes adore;
And ſing in Praiſe of that almighty Pow'r,
Whoſe Hands to all, their Life and Strength diſpenſe,
Who made, and fills, and guides the great Immenſe,
When burſting Clouds their forked Lightnings throw,
And Peals of Thunder rock the World below,
When Horrors ſhake its tender, panting Frame,
Struck with the Noiſe and frighted with the Flame;
Tell, how the Vengeance of an angry God
Calls to Mankind, and ſends theſe Bolts abroad
To find the Wretch, who with dread *Jove* delays
The juſt Returns of Worſhip and of Praiſe:
A Mind, thus tutor'd with Religious Awe,
Will ſoon advance in Truth's eternal Law.

If the good Gods direct the great Deſign,
And only Reaſon's Light, tho' dimly, ſhine,
The Soul aſcending to the Realms above,
May trace in Nature's Works, the Steps of *Jove*,
But long muſt ſtudy with the utmoſt Pains,
And late too late the mighty Truth attains:
To us the Secret by deſcent is brought:
The Son is by the pious Parent taught,
Unhappy they, who far remote, poſſeſs
The weſtern Shores, and low *Antipodes*:
Theſe our Religion and our Commerce ſhun;
And both our Merchants and our Prieſts diſown:
But tho' the Months, and Years and Ages paſs,
And the rich Orb a thouſand Charms diſplays,
Yet no one ſees the Deity within,
That turns and manages the great Machine:
Thick Clouds and Miſts his dreadful Godhead hide,
So blind is Reaſon left without a Guide!

Whilſt at the Altars of the Gods the Child
Bows down, with Awe and ſacred Horrors fill'd;
Their Vengeance with prevailing Vows attones,
Adores their Majeſty, their Empire owns:
Teach him the Laws of Man with thoſe of *Jove*,
And train him to Good-Nature and to Love:
Bid him be juſt to all, and ſtill beware
To do to others, what himſelf can't bear:

Let

Let him revere a Father's ſacred Name:
For thoſe ally'd in Blood due Honour claim:
Bid him reſpect the aged and the wiſe,
And follow what theſe Oracles adviſe:
Next to the Gods, the firſt Regard is due
To Kings and States, that rule the World below:
Thoſe Precepts let the Youth betimes attain,
For theſe, in ſhort, The Laws of Heav'n contain.

As riper Years and nobler Parts increaſe,
When the brisk Mind its native Light diſplays,
And wide enlarging its capacious Views,
Ranges for Truth, and Wiſdom's Steps perſues:
Then let the Brain exert its active Pow'r,
Collecting Arts, the intellectual Store,
And all the Secrets of the Muſe explore;
Whilſt Senſe is quick, and to Perfection nice,
And catches the intruding Images,
Let Memory light up its ſparkling Ray,
In Wiſdom's Search, and lead the ſhining Way;
The Uſe of Speech the noble Work begins,
And teaches to diſtinguiſh things by Signs:
When through the Brain the ſwift Ideas ſtream,
Inſtruct him how to give the proper Name
To all that paſs: no ſingle Realm affords,
For nature's Works, ſufficient Store of Words;
Variety of Tongues improves our Youth,
In all the Arts of Eloquence and Truth:
Such in the Ruins of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
May dig for Wealth, and bring the Treaſure home:
Whate'er the modern *Italy* can boaſt,
Of all the State and Glory which he loſt,
Let ſuch with Study and Delight attain:
The Sweets of *France*, a tender courtly Strain,
Or the big Sounds, and lofty Senſe of *Spain*.
Let theſe the firſt and beſt Hiſtorians read,
The Annals of the great Immortal dead:
Such bright Examples oft, with ſtrong Deſire
And thirſt of Fame, the active Spirit fire,
To Books like theſe, where Truth in Beauty reigns,
Who can prefer a Novel or Romance,
The monſtrous Product of diſtracted Brains
Here gaudy Phantoms mount the fairy Stage,
And Bullies, void of Senſe and Valour, rage:

No

No ſolid Mind ſuch Legends can approve.
Fill'd with Extreams of Miſchief, and of Love,
But Goblins rage, mock Heroes play their tricks,
Tumble and vault, and Fame in Bombaſt ſpeaks
Such Tales the wiſe, judicious Reader quits
To ſickly Fancies, and diſtemper'd Wits:
He ſorts his Heroes with a watchful Eye,
Thoſe that ne'er liv'd, from thoſe that ne'er ſhall die:
Such Books he ſhuns, to other Arts confin'd,
Where Truth, in lively Colours, ſtrikes the Mind,
Some Fictions pleaſe: what Reader can refuſe
The ſoft Addreſſes of the charming Muſe?
The Gods inſpire, the Graces fill the Verſe:
And Vertue, in that Dreſs, new Beauties wears.

As Strength increaſes, and the Man draws near;
Soon as the Soul the ſtudious Toil can bear,
When firſt the Paſſions all their Force exert,
With Reaſon's Laws the rapid Streams divert,
Where Heat prevails, and Choler guides the Man,
Scarce can the Soul find leiſure to attain
The nobleſt Truths: yet when the Storm is near,
And the tempeſtuous Paſſions meet and jar,
Tho' Reaſon's ſacred Light but faintly ſhine,
It guides the Soul and ſtills the War within,
Drives Error far away, with Vertue's Charms
Cheers the gay Mind, and all its Rage diſarms.

Truth, that adorns Mankind, and graces Life,
Deſerving all the Joys the Gods can give,
Confirms the Being of almighty *Jove*,
His Providence below, his Throne above:
No fabulous or fai'ry State it feigns,
But real Scenes of Pleaſure, and of Pains,
The ſtarry Region and the Yawn of Hell,
The wicked here, and there the vertuous dwell.
To know the Godhead, ever was allow'd
The nobleſt Wiſdom, and the greateſt good:
And next, to learn the value of Mankind,
A Being for a Godlike State deſign'd.

But ſince the Vertues all, a lovely Train,
That raiſe the Soul, and beautifie the Man,

Depend

Depend upon the Judgment of the Mind,
Thence to the Will an eaſie Paſſage find,
And ripen into Action: Guard with Care
That buſie Part, from Clouds and Vapours clear,
With Art and Induſtry the Soul refine,
And let the Morn with all its Luſtre in;
The Fates indeed obſtruct the Noble Art:
The Search of Truths too long and Life too ſhort:
Black Night comes on, and interrupts the Day,
E'er it can chaſe the Miſts and Fogs away,
The Dregs of Fleſh and Droſſy Lees, o'errun
The Soul, and weigh the ſtrugling Spirit down:
In Darkneſs hid, it wanders far aſtray,
Oblig'd the ſubject Senſes to obey,
And only range, where they direct the Way;
But tho' the Task be difficult and hard,
Deſpair not, Wiſdom will the Toil reward:
The Globe with Objects fill'd, a vaſt Immenſe,
Breeds various Forms for Reaſon, and for Senſe:
Seek not to know, or comprehend, the Whole,
But chuſe the brighteſt Objects for the Soul.

Obſerve, how all Things in juſt Order move,
The Spheres, and Orbs, and Stars, that ſhine above:
How the firm World, with Chryſtal Circles bound,
Swings on its Poles, and makes the Lovely Round:
How *Phœbus* rowls along the Azure Fields
A Ball of Fire, that all the Convex gilds:
Luſtre and Life attend him in the Race,
He ſcatters Health and Vigour with his Rays:
Whether the Earth, with its own weight oppreſt,
Does, clinging round the ſolid Centre, reſt,
Whilſt *Phœbus* drives his hiſſing Wheels above,
Or whether he ſtand ſtill, and *Tellus* move,
Howe'er Aſtrologers or Poets dream,
Yet ſtill the bright Appearance is the ſame.
A God unſeen, the mighty Fabrick fills,
Turns ev'ry Orb, and guides the rapid Wheels:
Not heedleſs Chance, or blind unthinking Fate,
Only a Pow'r divinely Good and Great,
Could ſo much Beauty in ſuch Order place,
Vain *Epicurus* runs an endleſs Race,
And drives his Atoms through an empty Space:

Long, to no purpoſe, did they range and rove,
Till *Chance* gave off, and left the Work to *Jove:*
From theſe, the Subſtance and External Frame,
But from the God, the Form and Spirit came.
How might the Soul, replete with Rays Divine,
New Glories boaſt, and with freſh Beauties ſhine?
Could it the ſecret Steps of Nature trace,
What Principles compound and knit the Maſs;
How jarring Elements unite and meet:
And what cements, and makes the Work compleat:
How the ſame Seeds in various Forms increaſe,
Hard Stones, and Metals, tender Corn, and Graſs,
Woods, Trees, and Groves, the Ocean's Scaly Herd,
The floating Fiſhes, or the fleeting Bird,
The Flocks and Beaſts, the Gentle, and the Wild,
That wait their Monarch, or that range the Field,
With all the Forms the fruitful Globe can yield.

The Mind no nobler Wiſdom can attain,
Than to inſpect and ſtudy all the Man:
His awful Looks confeſs the Race Divine,
In him the Beauties of the Godhead ſhine:
With Majeſty he fills great Reaſon's Throne,
The Subject World their rightful Monarch own;
His ranging Soul in narrow Bounds contains
All Nature's Works, o'er which in Peace he reigns;
His Head reſembles *Jove's* Eternal Seat,
In which Inthron'd, he ſways the Heav'nly State,
And with aſſembled Gods, conſults of Fate:
The feather'd Envoys, all in ſhining Crowds,
Attend his Throne, and watch his awful Nods:
Catch his Commands, and thro' the Liquid Air
To the low World the Sacred Errand bear:
Juſt ſo the Head of Man contains within
The Intellect, with Rays and Light Divine:
The Senſes ſtand around, the Spirits roam
To ſeize and bring the fleeting Objects home:
Thro' every Nerve and every Pore they paſs,
And fill with chearful Light the gloomy Space;
The Heart, the Center of the manly Breaſt,
Juſt like the Sun, in lovely Purple dreſt,
Diffuſes all the Liquid Crimſon round,
Whence Life, and Vigour, Heat and Strength abound:

And

And as great *Phœbus* ſometimes rages high,
And ſcorches with his Beams the ſultry Sky:
So when the Heart with Rage, or flaming Ire,
Grows warm, or burns with Love's conſuming Fire:
The catching Vitals ſpread the Flames afar.
And all the Limbs the hot Contagion ſhare,
As ſolid Shores contain the liquid Seas,
Juſt ſo the Stomach, a ſoft watry Maſs,
Stagnates beneath and fills the lower Space:
Here, Winds, and Rains, and humid Vapours lie,
And theſe exhal'd with Heat, all upwards fly:
As mantling Clouds conceal the ſickly Sun,
Diſſolve in Dew and drive the Tempeſt down:
So when thick Humours from the Stomach riſe,
They damp the Soul, and ſprightly Faculties:
Then Night and Death their gloomy Shades diſplay,
Till the bright Spark within, the heav'nly Ray,
Diſpels the Darkneſs, and reſtores the Day.

Reflection is the laſt and greateſt Bliſs:
When turning backwards with inverted Eyes,
The Soul it ſelf and all its Charms, ſurveys,
The deep Impreſſions of Coeleſtial Grace
And Image of the Godhead: no alloy
Of Fleſh, its ſprightly Beauties can deſtroy,
Nor Death nor Fate can ſnatch the laſting Joy.
Through ev'ry Limb the active Spirit flows,
Diffuſing Life and Vigour as it goes,
But is it ſelf unmixt, and free from Droſs,
Reflected on its glitt'ring Form it views
All Nature's Works, with eager Steps purſues
The Species as they fly, and ſubtly draws
From ſingle Objects univerſal Laws:
Thus whilſt great *Jove* the whirling Engine guides,
And o'er the Times and rolling Year preſides:
Still, as he turns the rapid Wheels of Chance,
Himſelf immortal and unchang'd remains,
And when the empty Scene of Nature cloys,
Sinks in the Godhead, and himſelf enjoys.

What Mind, that's conſcious of its Godlike Frame,
But muſt aſpire to Heav'n from whence it came,
And ſpurn the droſſy Earth and ſordid Lees,
That keep it down, juſt mounting to the Skies,

The Weight of Wealth, the Senſes cloying Store
Of Joys, with all the Pageantry of Pow'r?
Who can regard the Dregs and Filth of Vice,
When Vertue's brighter Charms allure the Eyes?
When each its proper Form and Features ſhews,
Is it ſo difficult, and hard, to chuſe?
Since mighty *Jove* a wide diſtinction makes,
Providing bliſsful Seats and burning Lakes:
For Vertue thoſe, and theſe for Vice ordains,
Shall we refuſe the Joys and take the Pains?
How pleaſant is the Toil of being wiſe,
To ſearch the narrow ſhining Path, that lies
Between the two Extremes? the Pow'rs of Love,
Compar'd with theſe, not half ſo winning prove:
Vile deſpicable Luſts! which only give
A Moment's Bliſs, that ends in laſting Grief.
How brave is he! who clad in Innocence,
The nobleſt Armour wears, and beſt Defence:
He can deſpiſe the Blows and Spite of Chance,
The Storms of Fate, and Poverty and Pains,
The grinning Mob, a vile opprobrious Name,
Contempt, and Infamy, and publick Shame,
Afford new Matter for Heroick Deeds:
The brighteſt Vertue on ſuch Fuel feeds,
No Weights depreſs the Mind: whilſt Fortune loads,
His Soul ſurmounts, and meets the ſmiling Gods.

When to thy ſelf and to thy Maker true,
Theſe Duties thou obſerv'ſt, there's ſomething due
To Man, thy Country, and the ſacred Pow'rs,
Whoſe Care thy Perſon and thy Wealth ſecures;
Thy Fellow-Subjects in thy turn relieve,
And anſwer all the Offices of Life:
In this thou differ'ſt from the brutal Kind:
A Creature! for Society deſign'd.
Ten thouſand various Arts the Mind perſues,
For private Profit and for publick Uſe:
Conſult thy Genius and the fitteſt chuſe,
The Gown or Sword, the Wars or peaceful Laws:
(For War is juſt when in a rightful Cauſe)
Whate'er thou follow'ſt, all thy Forces bend
To that, which Strength, and Youth, and Vigour lend,
And let the Mind with all its Pow'rs attend,

If to the Wars thou go'ſt, with Care abſtain
The Follies which in Camps and Trenches reigns
There Vice wounds deeper than the Sword and Spear,
Aſſaults the Soul, and leaves a laſting Scar:
Rapine and bloodſhed taint the gen'rous Mind,
To ſavage Luſt and brutal Rage inclin'd,
Do thou amidſt the Din and Noiſe of Arms,
Attentive liſten to the Muſes Charms:
And when the madding Furies are let looſe,
With gentle Arts the mighty Storm compoſe:
Let bright *Apollo* with alluring Force
Temper the Anger and the Rage of *Mars*.

Experience does the nobleſt Wiſdom give,
And ſtrong Example guides the bent of Life:
And theſe the Youth by Travel may attain,
E'er yet he ſettles, and aſſumes the Man,
Far let him rove, o'er diſtant Lands and Seas:
The Men, the Country, and their Cuſtoms trace,
The Habits, Rites and Products of the Place,
In various Nations, various Humours reign,
And foreign Laws in foreign Realms obtain:
Let him obſerve the People, Sect, and Soil:
Pleaſure and Uſe will recompence the Toil:
And whilſt he views ſtrange Provinces and Climes,
Let him their Vertues chuſe, and ſhun their Crimes.

Fair *Italy* the wand'ring Youth invites,
A Country plac'd beyond the *Alpine* Heights,
Extended far: two neighb'ring Seas divide,
And interpoſing break the adverſe Tide:
Here *Rome*, once Miſtreſs of the World, the Seat
Of Godlike Men, divinely fair and great,
Totters and droops: no Footſtep now remains
Of her firſt State, but Superſtition reigns,
Her Sons, unmindful of their noble Race,
And *Latian* Blood, degenerate and baſe,
Sink in ſoft Pleaſure, and inglorious Eaſe,
Whilſt with Surprize and Wonder thou ſurvey'ſt
The ſacred Ruins and prodigious Waſt:
And read'ſt its State and Glory in its Fall,
Let the fam'd Annals to thy Mind recal
The vaſt Idea of its former Pow'r,

Think on the *Scipio's* and their high Deserts:
Think on the *Fabii* fam'd for peaceful Arts:
And let the first and noblest Theme of Fame,
Julius, a mighty and immortal Name,
In lovely Scenes his Godlike Acts renew,
And open all his Triumphs to thy View:
How with victorious Arms he bravely tam'd
The proud *Iberian* Race, for Valour fam'd,
The swarthy *African*, and haughty *Gaul*,
And Envy, fatal Foe! more fear'd than all,
From far *Iulus* Race the Hero came,
Of whom he took his Nature and his Name.
Great was his Courage, nor his Candour less,
Dreadful in War, and merciful in Peace.
Fair *Italy* some Beauties still can boast,
The small Remains of all her Grandeur lost:
Tho' various Realms and States the Land divide,
Yet still the Men retain their former Pride,
Hardy and stout, instructed how to deal
In subtle Arts can cringe and wheedle well,
Assuming various Shapes in all excel:
Smooth are their Tongues, for soft persuasion made,
Their Wisdom in a thousand Form display'd:
Large is their Soul, and capable to take
The first Impression's Gain or Pleasure make:
Whate'er they wish, they seldom wish in vain,
But still persue and labour to attain:
Trouble, and Toil, and Pain, they gladly bear,
And when they hope, 'tis seldom they despair:
Frugal and close, confin'd to narrow Bounds,
They manage Fortune and correct her Frowns,
The happy Genius of *Augustus* reign,
Sometimes revives, and charms the World again:
The Muse revisits her once tuneful Race,
And mighty *Phœbus* all the God displays.

The *Spanish* Kingdom bounds the sultry West
Stretch'd wide and far, a sunny Clime, possess'd
With proud Inhabitants, intent on Pow'r,
Ambitious still, and thirsting still for more:
Oft have they try'd but always try'd in vain,
To add the Empire of the World to *Spain*:
Their Lust of Sway the captive Earth surrounds,
And measures, with the Sun, their Empire's Bounds;

One Globe's too little for their Avarice,
They ſeek new Worlds and ſeize their glorious Prize:
For this they ſweat and ſtrive, all Dangers bear,
Nor Want, nor Famine, Storms, nor Tempeſts fear,
But to new Realms and Lands unknown they ſteer:
Tho' Hurricanes and Monſters guard the Way,
Srrange Stars and Meteors lead their Ships aſtray,
The Hopes of Empire all their Cares beguile,
And ſweet Ambition well rewards the Toil,
Thus whilſt their Chiefs attempt Imperial Sway,
The willing People with delight obey,
No warlike Dan'ers no Fatigues forgo,
No factious Murmurs, no Reſiſtance know;
But to their dread Commands obſequious bow
Here they ſubmit, and 'tis their only Fear:
A conſtant Race, inur'd to hardy War,
Averſe to rural Drudgery, they ſhun
The Fork and Spade, and Labours of the Clown:
No toiling Swain the Duſty Champain ploughs,
The Corn untill'd, and Vine neglected grows:
The taming of Mankind is all their Care,
Whilſt to the Plough and Mattock they prefer
Bellona's Arms, the Sword, and glitt'ring Spear,
Great as in Arms in Councils deeply ſkill'd,
Silence and Thought the nobleſt Projects yield;
They tread unſeen, and keep the ſecret cloſe,
Till by delay, mature for Birth, it grows,
Well verſt in State-Craft, the myſterious Art,
They know and gild and paint a pious Fraud:
Can Force the Gods to aid a baſe Deſign,
And make the ſubtle Villany, divine:
The Mob, amus'd with Miracles and Lies,
Join Hands, and aid the Miſchief in diſguiſe,
But when oppos'd, then all the Bully ſhows
His native Pride: his Breaſt with anger glows:
Big Words, like Thunder, ſtrike the adverſe ear,
That ſwell with Wind and vaniſh into Air;
Old Laws and Rites and ſlaviſh Modes they love,
And as they ſeldom change, they ne'er improve:
For Choler, Rudeneſs, and Ill-Nature ſhun'd,
And boaſting, void of Senſe and full of Sound:
Haughty their Temper, for Ambition fam'd,
Diſdaining others and by all diſdain'd.

Parted

Parted from *Spain*, by long and lofty Hills;
France in fair Scenes and various Beauties ſmiles,
Replete with Men, a noble gen'rous kind:
Yet fickle, and to Levity inclin'd:
Alike forgetful of the Friend and Foe,
They uſe no Gratitude, no Vengeance know,
A briſk Deſire of Fame their Spirits warms,
Inures to Dangers, and excites to Arms;
Rome in its Glory, trembl'd at their Pow'r,
And in that War conſum'd the nobleſt Gore,
When the brave *Gauls* the *Latian* Conqueſts ſpoil'd,
And the fam'd *Capitol* with Terrors fill'd;
'Twere endleſs all their Triumphs to reherſe,
Already ſung in never dying Verſe.
Aſia, and *Lybia*, and the potent *Eaſt*,
Rich Lands and Realms, by *Gallick* Arms oppreſt,
Their active Soul in haſte her Ends perſues,
Can win a Battle, but neglects to uſe:
And what her Strength obtains, her Follies loſe,
The beſt attempts and fineſt Schemes of State
They form too ſoon, and execute too late:
Fury and Violence the Work begin,
And theſe ſoon flag, and ſpoil the beſt Deſign,
Sometimes a Foe, half conquer'd, they deſpiſe,
Contemn his Pow'r and give him time to riſe:
And ſometimes ſwell'd and bloated with Succeſs,
Loſe all their Triumphs in ignoble Eaſe:
Whilſt to freſh Wars and new Attempts they run,
They leave the fading Laurels which they won,
Kings, next to Gods, they worſhip and adore,
The Slaves and Vaſſals of Imperial Pow'r:
To each Degree the Gentle and ſevere
They bow and ſtoop, with low obſequious Fear:
Honour the Perſon, and his Laws revere,
Few Thrones beſide, with half that Glory ſhine:
No Pow'r ſo near approaches to Divine:
Inſtead of Laws, the Monarch's Will obtains,
And oft an Infant in his Nonage reigns:
Such Awe and Dread the Godlike Image gains!
The wretched Exile, baniſh'd from his home,
And wandring Strangers, for Protection come,
Hither the indigent undone reſort,
And find a gentle hoſpitable Court:

These, in proportion to their high Deserts,
The grateful Nation, always kind to Arts,
Does with the first and best Preferments crown,
And often sway'd by Foreigners unknown,
Sets their high Merit neareſt to the Throne.
Great *Mazarine* this gen'rous Truth confeſs'd,
When first to *France* in *Roman* Purple dreſs'd,
Auſpicious Gueſt, the fam'd *Italian* came,
And fill'd the wondring People with his Name:
Whilſt mighty *Lewis* with his Mother play'd,
Long the deputed Chief his Scepter sway'd:
Like Great *Alcides* bore the pond'rous Weight,
And rais'd to Heav'n the high exalted State:
The Haughty *Spaniard* trembl'd at his Frown,
And when he beckon'd, lay'd his Trophies down:
The happy *Gaul*, for Converſation fit,
Is always gay, and boaſts a ſprightly Wit:
Adds Mirth and Joy to the moſt ſerious Things:
Laughs, Dances, Talks, makes Verſes, Loves, and Sings:
Nothing eſcapes his watchful prying Eyes:
His Tongue th' *Athenian* Eloquence outvies:
The *Muſes* and *Apollo*, all obey
His Call: He makes whole Poems in a Day,
Oft with unſtudy'd Art he friendly tryes
The *Roman* Beauties, and the Charms of *Greece*,
And here and there the Jewels ſet too thin,
Through Tracts of Gloom and empty Spaces ſhine:
But when the fickle and inconſtant Brain
Settles and ſweats, and labours in the Strain,
Kind *Phœbus* gently ſheds his nobleſt Fires,
And the old *Latian* Warmth the Bard inſpires:
All Ages muſt admire, but few ſhall know,
A ſoft *Cornelle*, or a great *Boileau*.

Remote from *France* (the *Channel* flows between)
White Cliffs, tall Tow'rs, and glitt'ring Spires are ſeen:
A lovely Iſle adorns the Subject Seas,
Rich in the Product of a Godlike Race,
All brave and ſtout as *Mars* as *Venus* fair,
Gentle in Peace, and terrible in War:
Great amidſt Changes, fix'd in high Renown,
No other Victors but themſelves they own,
What Nation can ſuch Troops of Victors boaſt,
Reviving all that *Greece* and *Rome* have loſt?

All

All court their Love, or to their Valour bow:
No Bounds their Arms, no end their Triumphs know,
Fond of their Laws, and willing to obey,
They temper Freedom with Imperial Sway:
Brave as in Fight, in Arts and Counsels great,
They add new Strength and Beauty to the State;
Religion, free from Pomp, yet still Divine,
Does in the purest, brightest Colours shine;
All Hearts and Eyes she conquers with her Charms,
And with her Love the willing People warms;
Plenty and Riches crown the smiling Plains,
Till'd by a Race of strong industrious Swains.
Proud *Neptune* bends beneath their awful Sway,
And all the Winds and Waves their Sails obey,
Beneath whose lofty Tow'rs the Billows foam,
Conveying endless Wealth and Plenty home,
Or carrying dread and hostile Arms afar,
That speak in Thunder and in Flames make War:
Tethys and *Jason*, and the *Grecian* Band
Of *Argonauts*, for Naval Valour fam'd,
Must yield to these, whilst on their fruitful Shores
They empty, from both Worlds, the noblest Stores.

Far hence, the *Dutch*, a mingled Nation lye,
Averse to Kings, and fond of Liberty,
The Warlike State a thousand Vertues shows,
And imitates the Nations, whence they rose.

The *German* Empire next deserves thy Care,
And well rewards the curious Traveller:
Large in extent, the mighty Realm contains
The *Latian* Pow'r, and *Cæsar*'s great Remains:
Hither the *Roman* Eagles took their Flight,
The Direful Ensigns of Imperial Right;
This Climate yields a Race of hardy Men,
Honest and faithful, as they speak they mean:
No double Turns nor artful Cheats they know,
Plain and sincere, and open to the View:
Perhaps too damp a Soil and misty Clime
Their Vigour clogs, and renders Reason dim:
Or else the Jovial Bowl, and Drunken God,
All Wit and Sense with pond'rous Fumes o'erload,
Their greatest Folly in the Goblet lyes,
And to the last Extream, they stretch the Vice:

This

This ſweetens Life, this all their Diſcord heals;
Their Contracts, Trades, and Leagues, and Bargains Seals:
He who the deepeſt Bowl unconquer'd drains,
The Hearts of all and the beſt Credit gains:
So with the Jolly Purple God poſſeſt,
The friſking *Satyrs* celebrate the Feaſt,
In Love and Mirth, conſume the happy Day,
And Sing, and Dance, and Laugh the Hours away;
Not all in flowing Cups and Revels drown'd,
Some Beauties in the *German* Race are found:
Famous for Arts and Inſtruments of Uſe,
In Natures Works new Wonders they produce:
To their Invention and Device we owe
The fatal Trunk, that fills the World below
With Earth-born Thunders, whoſe portentous Voice
Ejects hot Bolts, and Men and Walls deſtroys;
The People plac'd beſide the Crooked *Rhine*,
Firſt found the Uſe of Letters, bleſs'd Deſign!
Theſe to the Muſe new Life and Vigour give;
And every Age the Learned Dead revive.
Mankind muſt praiſe, and has been taught to fear,
The fam'd *Teutonick* Valour, priz'd in War,
A hardy Race, inur'd to Spoil and Blood,
Not broke by Dangers, nor by Arms ſubdu'd,
Diſdaining Quiet, and the Joys of Peace,
Rather than ſoften with Inglorious Eaſe,
They ſeek new Triumphs in a diſtant Land,
And ſell their Courage to a Foreign Hand.

Hence o'er the *Baltick* and the frozen Main,
Viſit the *Pole*, the *Ruſſian*, and the *Dane*,
Where cold *Bootes* drags his lazy Wain:
Some valu'd Arts the *Northern* Climes produce;
And find new Fires to cheer the chilly Muſe.

Long is the Task, and endleſs is the Toil,
To view each Clime, and Country, Land, and Soil,
To dwell on ev'ry Proſpect, ev'ry Scene,
And know the Laws, the Manners, and the Men
Conſult thy Years, thy Fortune, and thy Strength,
And meaſure out thy Travels by that Length,
This Task requires the firmeſt Limbs, deſign'd
For Sweat and Labour, with a vig'rous Mind,

A Body fit to run ſo large a Race,
And bear the Dangers of the Land and Seas.

When ripe in Years, to Manhood thou art grown,
And youthful Heat abates, ſit calmly down,
In all the Offices of Life engage,
And fix to ſettl'd Rules thy coming Age:
Grow wiſe, and live upon Experience paſt,
And all the Profit of thy Labours taſte:
Then from thy Travels and thy Dangers chuſe,
The nobleſt Rules, and Maxims fit for Uſe:
Copy the Vertues, and the Crimes refuſe:
Such Stores of Wiſdom, well collected, give
New Luſtre to the future Scenes of Life:
So the laborious Bee, on *Hybla*'s Plains,
Travels the Meads, with never ceaſing Pains,
Viſits each fragrant Herb and lovely Flow'r,
And by degrees collects the luſcious Store:
Thence to its Cell conveys the maſſy Juice,
And treaſures up the ſweet *Ambroſial* Dews.

Beware whilſt Life conſumes and glides away,
And keep thy Senſe and Wiſdom from Decay:
Still with new Arts thy ſpacious Soul refine,
Nor let thy Vertues, with thy Years, decline:
Conſult the beſt Records of Ages paſt,
Renew thy Toils, and gratifie thy Taſte,
Here the judicious prying Student reads,
The cleareſt Maxims, and the greateſt Deeds:
Here ſee, whate'er eſcap'd thy wandring Eyes,
Let others Lives and Precepts make thee wiſe,
Conſult the Stars, high as the *Zenith* ſoar:
And viſit Countries never ſeen before:
Neglect no Pains that may enrich the Mind,
And raiſe the Worth and Value of Mankind.

Frequent thy honeſt Friends, and often try
The gen'rous Joys of ſweet Society:
Wiſdom new Strength by ſuch Infection gains,
And mutual Truths in equal Shares advance.

Who can recount the Vices, that debaſe
Our *Quality*, and ſpoil a gen'rous Race?
The Noble Father educates with Care
His Dogs and Horſes, but neglects his Heir:

Soon as the Youth to hardy Manhood grows,
He mingles with the Gay, the Wild and Looſe:
With theſe he ſorts, and learns infectious Vice,
But ſhuns the Grave, the Serious, and the Wiſe:
Thoſe that reſtrain his Pleaſures he abhors,
But chuſes Bullies, Gameſters, Rooks and Whores:
Theſe train the Rake, averſe to Senſe and Good,
Corrupt his Youth, and taint his Noble Blood.

From ev'ry Breaſt with Vanity o'erun,
The Vertues fly, Truth with Diſdain is gone,
Darkneſs and Vice the empty Space poſſeſs.
And drive the Youth to Folly and Exceſs,
When the rich Board with coſtly Cates is crown'd,
No harmleſs Gayety and Mirth goes round,
But Rooks and ſpunging Paraſites infeſt,
With Flattery and Vice, the nauſeous Feaſt:
One moſt admires the Grandeur of the Treat,
So noble! ſo magnificent! and great!
The next the Soops, and Sauces, and Deſert,
All to *Pontac* prefers, and *Locket*'s Art:
The jovial Toper doats upon the Wine,
Fills high and pours the purple Deluge in,
Calls o'er the *Toaſts*, is noiſy, dull, and loud,
And ſings new Catches to his drunken God:
The thin conſumptive Rake, whoſe luſtful Soul
Declines the Glutton, and neglects the Bowl:
To whom all other Joys inſipid prove,
But Mid-night Revels, and Intrigues of Love,
His little *Lord*, too eager to be lewd,
Excites with am'rous Tales, and fires his Blood:
" My Dear, *he cries*, did you obſerve to Day
" The Girl that ſmil'd, and ogl'd at the *Play*:—
" Kind willing Thing!— Now by my Soul, ſhe's thine;
" Perſue her:—O ſo ſoft! ſo all Divine!—
" Can you the ſweet enticing Bliſs forbear,
" So ſtrong, ſo vig'rous you, and ſhe ſo fair?—
" What's Vertue to ſuch Joys?— Your Parts ſuffice
" To make a Wit:— Be mod'rately wiſe:—
" Leave the old Sentences and rigid Rules,
" To *Solon*, *Cato*, and the bearded Fools.

In Sports like theſe the guilty Minutes paſs,
All Tales of Vertue, as all Thoughts, diſpleaſe;

Tho' 'tis the firſt and nobleſt Taſk of Senſe,
To join true Mirth to ſpotleſs Innocence.

Whilſt thus my pleaſing Raptures I prolong,
A new Adventure interupts the Song:
And ſee, a Nymph divinely fair, appears:
A Robe of Light and glitt'ring Beams ſhe wears:
Around ſhe ſcatters the ambroſial Dews:
Am I deceiv'd? or is't the lovely Muſe,
That me inſpires with Verſe? Too well I know
Her blooming Cheeks, and high Majeſtick Brow:
Such Luſtre in her Eyes! Such bluſhing Grace!
Whoſe lofty Mien the Deity diſplays.

Say, whence this Viſit? Can the ſweets I ſing,
Entice thee from the Shades and Muſes ſpring?
Or art thou come, great Goddeſs! to reward,
And crown with Laurel, thy melodious Bard?

Then ſhe—Go on, thy pleaſing Lays perſue:
I lend thee Aid, and I inſpire anew:
Well haſt thou ſung in Praiſe of Godlike Man:
Now to the female Charms divert thy Strain,
To theſe Mankind with low Submiſſion ſue,
Own their high Pow'r, and to their Beauties bow;
Where ſuch external Rays and Luſtre ſhine,
Why ſhould fowl Vice and Error dwell within?
But ſince the Muſes in their Nature ſhare,
All of the tender Sex: Be mine the Care,
To give new Precepts to the Young and Fair,
To beautifie the ſoft bewitching Race,
And make the Mind as lovely as the Face.

Form'd of the ſofteſt Clay, and moſt refin'd,
Exceeding far the rough and manly Kind,
They boaſt a Soul for ev'ry Science fit,
Clear and capacious of the ſtrongeſt Light;
Why ſhould the Gods in other Charms profuſe,
The nobler Graces of the Mind refuſe?
Why ſhould the Sex, excelling all below,
The pleaſing Search of Nature's Works forgo?
What envious Wretch, leſs beautiful, confines
A ſprightly Soul that with more Luſtre ſhines?

Baſe Tyranny, and lawleſs Pow'r of Man,
Ye Gods forbid, that haughty Sex reſtrain:
Can great *Apollo*, kind Cœleſtial Gueſt,
Chuſe to reſide in a more lovely Breaſt,
Whence all his Laurels grew? can *Pallas* fly
Her Virgin Train? or any Muſe deny
Her Raptures to the dear invoking Maid,
Or to their Siſter Nymphs refuſe their Aid?

Let ev'ry Heart and Tongue their Vertues own,
And view the Triumphs which their Eyes have won;
Who can unconquer'd gaze or ſhun their Chains,
Or doubt their mighty Pow'r whilſt *ANNA* reigns?
Whatever Charms the Vertuous or the Fair
Can boaſt, untainted all unite in Her,
Baniſh far hence to ſome wild Savage Shore,
The chilly *Tartar* or the ſunny *Moor*,
The Wretch, that can reſiſt ſo bright a Pow'r:
What Heart ſo ſtubborn, but ſuch Charms can win
So great a Miſtreſs, and ſo good a Queen!
Hers be the nobleſt Strains the Muſe can give,
The happy Muſes by her Favour live:
Not all the Arts, which ſhe protects, combin'd,
Can paint the finiſh'd Beauties of her Mind;
Here let the Sex admire with wond'ring Eyes,
And high in Goodneſs, by her Luſtre riſe,
Great above Man, and above Woman wiſe.

The *Britiſh* Nymphs! a lovely Virgin Train!
If other Arts and Studies you diſdain,
To Modeſty and Vertue bend your Care:
Such Studies ever good, and modiſh are;
With the ſame Induſtry and Toil and Art,
With which the Hands the pointed Needle dart,
Or knot, or ſpin, or in fair Figures trace
And lovely labyrinth the flowry Lace,
The Nymph with Goodneſs might her Soul refine,
And all the noble *Roman* Dames outſhine,
Who can unmov'd the motly Monſters bear,
The handſome, vicious, and immodeſt Fair,
The Looks of *Lais*, wanton as the Stews,
Or *Flora*, when with luſtful Fires ſhe glows,

Their

Their ſoft inchanting Smiles, and ſwimming Eyes,
Their gentle Whiſpers, and their wiſhing Sighs,
And nauſeous Words, all Filth, in fair Diſguiſe?
Such Arts the thoughtleſs Sex too ſoon attain,
That only win the Brute, and loſe the Man:
Theſe Follies, to the Nymphs of old unknown,
Pſyche diſdain'd nor thus her *Cupid* won,
But with ſoft Innocence, the yielding Art,
And chaſte Reluctance charm'd his willing Heart.

Thus ſpake the Muſe, and vaniſh'd into Wind;
And left me ſad, and in deſpair to find
New Succour for the Verſe, that's ſtill behind.

Stay, Goddeſs! in his turn thy Poet hear:
If to his Strains thou deign'ſt to lend an Ear,
Attempted in thy abſence can he chuſe
Fit Raptures, to detain the flying Muſe?
Can'ſt thou forſake him now, when moſt he needs
Thy Aid, to ſing of Wars and Martial Deeds?
What Vigour, Virtue, Fire and Beauty join,
To make a Hero next the Gods Divine:
A thoughtful Soul a ſtrong advent'rous Hand,
United both, to Conquer and Command;
Such mighty *MARLBRO'* is, the Britiſh *Mars:*
In Counſels wiſe, and terrible in Wars:
Great above Anceſtors: no Age can ſhow
So fam'd a Chief, no future Times ſhall know:
Whoſe Conduct, and whoſe Arms together move,
Commanding Conqueſt, and attracting Love:
Oh could the Muſes reach his high Renown
In equal Strains, when would the Verſe be done?
Which he perhaps might read without a Frown:
Perhaps might bleſs the Poet with his Smiles:
For Princes often thus unbend their Toils.

Alaſs, vain Bard! that thinks ſo great a Man,
Would read ſo mean a Verſe without diſdain,
Or to thy little am'rous Songs give Ear,
Amidſt the Noiſe of Arms, and Din of War.

Whilſt the proud *Gaul* with haughty Anger glows
Rages around and lets Ambition looſe,

Attempts

Attempts to join the conquer'd World to *France*,
And o'er all *Europe* ſhakes th' impending Chains:
Let the fam'd Chief the madding Monſter tame,
And add each Year new Triumphs to his Name:
Let kindly *Phœbus* from all Danger ſhield
The Hero, and attend him to the Field
Clad in his Arms, neglectful of the Song,
And take his Bow, and leave his Lyre unſtrung:
No more I wait for the returning God,
But from my Boſom ſhake the Lovely Load.

The Day may come, haſten ye Pow'rs! the Day;
When tir'd in ſearch of Univerſal Sway,
The vanquiſh'd *Gaul* ſhall to the Victor bow,
And at Great *ANNA*'s Feet for Pity ſue:
She, ever Good, ſhall calm the Furies Rage,
And to the World reſtore the Golden Age:
Shall tame his Pride with high Superior Pow'r,
And bid the Monſter plague Mankind no more:
Then Blood and Slaughter, Noiſe and War ſhall ceaſe,
And ſtern Ambition yield to gentle Peace:
Then mighty *ANNE*, with Sacred Olive crown'd,
Whilſt all the Muſes joyful Train ſurround
The ſmiling *Queen*, ſhall in high Pomp appear,
And with full Glory grace the Theatre.
The Bards, by her inſpir'd, ſhall ſoon begin
Sublimer Lays, and Muſick more Divine:
The Palace ſhall reſound the Strains they ſing,
And with loud Joys the gilded Roof ſhall ring,
Theſe ſhall deſcribe in never-dying Verſe,
The Scenes, and Horrors, and wide Waſte of Wars,
A long ſad Proſpect! *Blenheim*'s fatal Field,
Or *Mons*, or *Ramelly*, with Slaughter fill'd,
Shining with Troops, and with their Gore defil'd:
Battles and Sieges, Sea, and Earth, and Air,
And all the Elements, engag'd in War:
And hoſtile Clamours, and inteſtine Groans,
In Captive Cities, and in Flaming Towns:
Fleets in a Storm, which their own Fury rais'd:
And mighty Realms, with Fire and Sword defac'd,
But when the Tale paſt Miſery renews,
And damps our Pleaſures, let the gentle Muſe,
Fair kind *Euterpe*, bring the ſprightly Lyre,
And with new Mirth the flagging Strings inſpire:

She

She shall enchant the Ear with softer Layes,
And sing the blissful Joys and Charms of Peace:
Beauty, and Mirth, and Love, and am'rous Strains;
The gentle Sonnet, and the active Dance:
Bacchus and *Ceres*, hand in hand, shall bring
The noblest Fruits and Products of the Spring,
Whate'er the Vintage, or the Fertile Field,
In Yellow Sheaves, or Purple Clusters, yield:
The foaming Bowl young Vigour shall restore,
And the full Cask supply the Liquid Store;
Then shall the Art I sing, once more revive,
Cupid and *Hymen* all their Raptures give;
The yielding Maid and sprightly Youth invite
To Love, and fruitful Joys, and chaste Delight.

So when dread *Jove* his rattling Thunder threw,
And with hot Bolts the Rebel Giants slew,
Beat all their Works, and mighty Rampire, down,
Mountains on Mountains pil'd, to storm his Throne;
The Sons of Earth low as her Center driv'n
From *Ætna*'s Bowels Thunder back on Heav'n:
Pleas'd with the Victory, the Muses throng
The Azure Palace, and begin a Song,
Full of the Victor's Praise: The blissful Skies
Ring with the loud applauding Deities,
The Sun breaks forth, in all his Lustre dress'd,
And *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* crown the Feast:
The Pow'rs renew their Mirth, and Scenes of Love,
Peace, with soft Silver Pinions, soars above,
Diffusing Joy through all the bright Abodes,
And adds new Pleasures to the smiling Gods.

FINIS.

—Of Scorpio, Chiron, Piſces, &c. p. 24
The Effects of the four Seaſons. p. 25
Several other Precepts. p. 26
The Seat of Love. p. 26, 27
How a Father may expect a Son. p. 27
Moderate Uſe of Wine. p. 28
Not too much Repetition. p. 29
Which the Male Planets. ibid.
The right Side prefer'd. ibid.
The Modeſty of this Poem. p. 30

INDEX
TO
Book the Third.
Which Treats of Conception and Imagination.

Signs of Conception. p. 31
Love then not to be repeated. p. 32
Diet. ibid.
Melancholy and Spleen to be avoided. p. 33
The Fable of Saturn in the Shape of a Horſe begetting a Centaur upon the Nymph Phillyra. p. 33, 34
—The wonderful Effects of Fanſy. p. 35
—The Wiſdom of the Centaur Chiron. p. 36
To ſhun all frightful Phantoms. p. 37
To ſet pleaſing Forms before the Mind. ibid.
Story of Andromeda. p. 38
The Commendation of Gaſſendus, with a Philoſophical Account of Fancy from the Notion of Atoms taken from Epicurus. p. 38, 39
Rough and harſh Atoms raiſe ugly Objects. p. 39
To abſtain from Motion and Dancing. p. 40
Prudent Wife ſhuns too much Reſt and too much Exerciſe. p. 41

To take the Air. P. 41
Hyde-Park. P. 41, 42
To drive gently. P. 42, 43
Retreat to the Country and ease there. ibid.
Pious Vows. ibid.
How to assist the Birth. P. 44
Commendation of the Poet Samarthan. P. 45
Conclusion of this Book, and how the next shall treat of the Inward Beauties. P. 45, 46.

INDEX TO Book the Fourth.

Which Treats of the Beauty of the Mind, of Education and Virtue, and of the Variety of Climes, Customs and Manners.

OF the Beauties of the Mind. P. 47
Invocation of Pallas. P. 48
Complaint of being born naked and helpless. P. 48
The Complaint of the Wretch. P. 48
The Unreasonableness of this Complaint, the Form being lovely and the Soul Divine. P. 49
The Spirit, tho' loaded with Limbs, yet will mount to Heaven. P. 50
Vertue brightest in the noblest Blood. ibid.
The Dangers of ill Nurses. ibid.
A chaste One to be chose. ibid.
To observe the Form and Figure of the Child. ibid.
When Speechless. ibid.
To distil Religion as soon as it can distinguish Sounds. P. 51, 52
Pious Parents make good Children. P. 52
Principles of good Nature and Justice to be instill'd. ibid.
Precepts for riper Years and nobler Parts. P. 53

INDEX.

To Guide the Passions. Ibid.
The Acknowledgment of a Deity. ibid.
To act with Judgment. p. 55
Observation on Nature will shew Divine Power. p. 55, 56
To study Mankind. p. 56, 57
The Use of Reflection. p. 57
The Mind will aspire to Heaven from whence it came. p. 57, 58
Duty to the Country and Fellow Subjects. p. 58
Experience and Travel. p. 59
What to be learn'd from Italy. p. 59, 60
Spain, p. 60, 61
France, p. 62, 63
Britain, p. 63, 64
Holland. p 64
Germany, p. 64, 65
The North ibid.
To sit down in Manhood, grow wise, and live upon past Experience. p. 66
How to manage declining Years. ibid.
The Benefit of Friendship. ibid.
Vice debases Quality. p. 67
Vanity. ibid.
Of Intrigues. ibid.
A Nymph encourages the Poet to sing of Female Charms. p. 68, 69
Of ANNA. p. 69
Of the British *Nymphs.* ibid.
To the Lord Duke of Marlborough. p. 70
His bringing of Peace. p. 71
As Jove *after the Conquest of the Giants.* p. 72

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